

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:
OR,
A COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS SANGS.

In Three VOLUMES.

Behold and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air;
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire:
What reason can that love controul
Which more than one way courts the soul?

E. WALLER.

The NINTH EDITION,
Being the Compleat^{est} and most Correct
of any yet published
By ALLAN RAMSAY.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:
Printed for and Sold by A. MILLAR at Buchanan's
Head over-against St. Clement's Church in the
Strand. M D C C X X X I I I.

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DEDICATION.

To ilka lovely *British* lass,
Frae ladies *Charlotte, Anne and Jean*,
Down to ilk bony singing *Bess*,
Wha dances barefoot on the green.

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR most humble slave,
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling wad your acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunesu' notes;
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising saftly through your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling eye,
The spinnet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

iv DEDICATION.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or clashes stay the lazy laff ;
Thir sangs may ward you frae the sowr,
And gayly vacant minutes pass.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,
Syne safely sip when ye have fung.

May happiness had up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving fires :
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your desires.

Edinb. January

1. 1724.

A. RAMSAY.

P R E-



P R E F A C E.

Altho' it be acknowledged, that our Scots tunes have not lengthened variety of musick, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweet-ness, that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among our selves, but in other countries. They are for the most part so chearful, that on bearing them well play'd or sung, we find a difficulty to keep our selves from dancing. What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is, their antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reason; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or instrumental musick, there are fifty that content themselves with the pleasure of hearing, and singing without the trouble of being taught: now, such are not judges of the fine flourishes of new musick imported from Italy and elsewhere, yet will listen with pleasure to tunes that they know, and can join with in the chorus. Say that our

way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft thoughts, after the poet has dress'd them in four or five stanzas; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people, who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect musick, which requires none, or very little of the poet's assistance.

My being well assured, how acceptable new words to known good tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them, in this and the second volume: about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and musick are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers; such as, The Gaberlunzie-man, Muirland Willy, &c. that claim their place in our collection, for their merry images of the low character.

This ninth edition in eight years, and the general demand for the book by persons of all ranks, wherever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend Dr. Bannerman tells me from America,

Nor

Nor only do your lays o'er *Britain* flow,
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go;
Here thy soft verse, made to a *Scottish* air,
Are often sung by our *Virginian* fair.

Camilla's warbling notes are heard no more,
But yield to *Last Time I came o'er the moor*;
Hydaspe and *Rinaldo* both give way
To *Mary Scot, Tweed-side* and *Mary Gray*.

From this and the following volume, Mr. Thomson (who is allowed by all, to be a good teacher and singer of Scots songs) cull'd his Orpheus Caledonius, the musick for both the voice and flute, and the words of the songs finely engraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in Britain, and dedicated to her royal highness, now her majesty our most gracious queen. This by the by I thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious list of subscribers, that the most of the songs were mine, the musick abstracted.

In my compositions and collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and ear of the fair singer might meet with no affront; the chief bent of all my studies being, to gain their good graces: and it shall always be my care, to ward off these frowns that would prove mortal to my muse.

Now,

Now, little books go your ways ; be assured of favourable reception wherever the sun shines on the free-born cheerful Briton ; steal your selves into the ladies bosoms. Happy volumes ! you are to live too as long as the song of Homer in greek and english, and mixt your ashes only with the odes of Horace. Were it but my fate, when old and rufled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the outmost limits of time, after a thousand editions ? happy volumes ! you are secure, but I must yield ; please the ladies, and take care of my fame.

*In hopes of this, fearless of coming age,
I'll smile thro' life ; and when for rhyme renown'd,
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy stage,
And sleep beneath a flow'ry turf full sound.*





I N D E X.

Beginning with the First Letter of every Song.

The SONGS mark'd C, D, H, L, M, O, &c. are new
Words by different Hands; X, the Authors unknown;
Z, old Songs; Q, old Songs with Additions.

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There is in all 313 songs in the 3 vols. in one



In the 12th Edit. there are four vols. in one.

It has in all 464 songs ^{of which 157 are in the 14th Edit.} Bonny
and a com^{fort} 214 are scottish
and a com^{fort} 250 are English.



Bonny C H R I S T Y. A.


 OW sweetly smells the simmer green !
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry :
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flowry park,
 No nat'r al beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,
 And birds in consort chanting ?
 But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration ;
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And often mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a burn,
 His *Christy* did o'er-hear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Christy! — witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for tauk ;
 'This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

R

The Bush aboon Traquair.

By Robert Burns

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her,
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should *Pegey* grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair*,
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

C.

An O D E.

To the Tune of, Polwarth on the Green.

THO' beauty, like the rose
 That smiles on *Polwarth* green,
 In various colours shows,
 As 'tis by fancy seen :
 Yet all its different glories ly
 United in thy face,
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
 So smooth so calm her mind,
 That to some Angel's care
 Each motion seems assign'd :

B 2

But

But yet so cheerful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,
 Perfume her breath and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings :
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The Soul in blissful extasies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

D.

T W E E D - S I D E.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed* ?
 Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daifie, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With musick enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does *Mary* not 'tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lyes asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

*Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,
 Or the pleasanter Banks of the *Tweed* ?

Robert Crawford C.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Woe's my Heart that we should funder.*

IS *Hamilla* then my own ?
 O ! the dear, the charming treasure :
 Fortune now in vain shall frown ;
 All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature ;
 Smiling heaven is in her face,
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes;
Love fits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th' *Idalian* grove,
Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,
This fair happy night surround us;
While a thousand sp'ritly joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unsowr'd with care or strife,
Heaven still guard this dearest blessing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving still, and still possessing.

S.

A

S O N G.

Let's be jovial, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the warld is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare;
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Crœsus*,
While our bottle drowns our care.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine

Wine will make us red as roses,
 And our Sorrows quite forget :
 Come, let us fuddle all our noses.
 Drink our selves quite out of debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
 We are toping at our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus :
 Death, be gone, here's none but souls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Godlike *Bacchus* thus commanding,
 Trembling death away shall fly,
 Ever after understanding
 Drinking souls can never dy.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

X.

Muirland Willie.

HArken and I will tell you how
 Young *Muirland Willie* came to woo.
 Tho' he could neither say nor do ;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se ha'e her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 Out o'er yon mofs, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Good-

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doghter's love to win,
I care no for making meikle din ;

What answer gi' ye me ?

Now, woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my doghter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, woer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town ?
I think my doghter winna gloom

On sick a lad as ye.

The woer he step'd up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh* ;

I scorn to tell a lie :
Besides, I had frae the great laird,
A peat-pat and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, &c.

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town ;
I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear ;
And for my sell ye need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bonnet and spat in his Chew,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, &c.

The

The maiden blusht and bing'd fu law,
 She had na will to say him na,
 But to her dady she left it a'

As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your doghter wad na say me na,
 But to your sell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa ;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?

Now, woer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
 But sick's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three soums of sheep, twa good milk ky,
 Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free ;

Troth I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass ;
 But sicken a day there never was,

Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,

And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our lasses een,
With a fal, &c.

Sick

Sick hirdum, dirdum, and sick din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
The minstrels they did never blin,

Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

Z.

The promis'd Joy.

To the Tune of, *Carle and the King come.*

WHen we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely,

Long the sport of fortune driv'n,
To despair our thoughts were giv'n,
Our odds will all be ev'n, *Phely,*
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant groves,
Tho' we moan like turtle-doves,
Suffering best our virtue proves,
And will enhance our loves, *Phely,*
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a surprise,
Till its happy hour arise ;
Temper will your love-sick sighs,
For hope becomes the wife, *Phely.*

When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely.

M.
To

To DELIA on her drawing him to her
Valentine.

To the Tune of, *Black Ey'd Susan.*

YE Powers¹ was *Damoy* then so blest,
To fall to charming *Delia's* share ;
Delia, the beauteous maid, possest
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair ?
Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my wish is given.

I came, and *Delia* smiling show'd,
She smil'd, and show'd the happy name ;
With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and blest the new born flame.
May softest pleasures ceaseless round her move,
May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the Treasure from her breast,
That breast where love and graces play,
O name beyond expression blest !
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be so lodg'd ! the thought is extasy,
Who would not wish in Paradise to ly ?

R.

The faithful Shepherd.^x

To the Tune of, *Auld lang syne.*

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And sporting lambkins play,
When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And musick wak'd the day ;

Then

^x By Major Drummond Esq. afterwards British Consul
at Aleppo. The song really relates what has passed.
(Sir James Foulis)

Then did my *Chloe* leave her bower,
 To hear my am'rous lay,
 Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no pow'r
 Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
 Surround our couch in throngs,
 And all their tuneful art bestow,
 To give us change of songs :
 Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
 I blef's'd, then hug'd my maid ;
 I rob'd the kisses from her breast,
 Sweet as a Noon-day's shade.

Joy so transporting never fails
 To fly away as air,
 Another swain with her prevails,
 To be as false as fair.
 What can my fatal passion cure ?
 I'll never woo again ;
 All her disdain I must endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

* What pity 'tis to hear the boy
 Thus fighing with his pain ;
 But time and scorn may give him joy,
 To hear her sigh again.
 Ah ! fickle *Chloe*, be advis'd,
 Do not thy self beguile,
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a Smile.

* This Stanza was added by *John Ramsay*. To
 His advice, however, came too late, for the inconstan-
 tine was then married to *Patricia Haldane* of
Gleneagles. (See *James Foulis*)

To Mris. S. H. on her taking something ill
I said.

By W. Hamilton of Bangour.

To the Tune of, *Hallow Ev'n.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow ?
 That beauteous heav'n ere while serene ?
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
 Or what this gust of passion mean ?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And ly obscur'd in endles night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine ?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends :
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's powerful charms t'upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For *Venus* every heart t'ensnare,
 With all her charms has deckt thy face,
 And *Pallas* with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace,
 Who can the double pain endure ?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With *Cupid*'s bow and *Pallas*' Shield ?

If then to thee such power is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.

Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill !
He skipt the burn, and flew to me :
I met him with good will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay :
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The burds stood listning by :
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play :
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay,
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.

O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be ;
 He staw my heart: cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly useless by.

O the broom, &c.

Adieu ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewell a' pleasures there ;
 Ye Gods restore to me my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.

O the broom, the bonny bouny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows :
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ews.

S. R.

To C H L O E.

To the Tune of, *I wish my love were in a mirt.*

O Lovely maid ! how dear's thy pow'r ?
 At once I love, at once adore :
 With wonder are my thoughts possest,
 While softest love inspires my breast.

C 2

This

This tender look, these eyes of mine,
Confess their am'rous master thine ;
These eyes with *Strephon*'s passion play,
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy :
And thus I've bound myself to love,
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms ;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

L

Upon bearing his Picture was in CHLOE's Breast.

To the Tune of, *The fourteen of October.*

YE Gods ! was *Strephon*'s picture blest
With the fair heaven of *Chloe*'s breast ?
Move softer, thou fond flutting heart,
Oh gently throb, — too fierce thou art.
Tell me thou brightest of thy kind,
For *Strephon* was the bliss design'd ;
For *Strephon*'s sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And

And thou blest shade that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my *Chloe's* heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That *Chloe*, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee : were I lord
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a God alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks that lifeless air,
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

*Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade :
 Thou can't surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd and lov'd but thee :
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

Song for a Serenade.

To the Tune of, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

Teach me, *Chloe*, how to prove
 My boasted flame sincere :
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
 And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,
 To bribe my soul to rest,
 Vainly spreads her silken arms,
 And courts me to her breast.

Where can *Strephon* find repose,
 If *Chloe* is not there ?
 For ah ! no peace his bosom knows,
 When absent from the fair.

What tho' *Phœbus* from on high
 Withholds his cheerful ray,
 Thine eyes can well his light supply,
 And give me more than day.

L.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oftentimes heard her say,
 Tell *Strephon* I dy, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold heart never warms ;
 Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me dy in his arms,
Oh Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.
 But first, said she, let me go
 Down to the shades below,
 E'er ye let *Strephon* know
 That I have lov'd him so :
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh ;
 But finding her breathless, oh heavens ! did he cry,
Ab Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore

Restore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs use your art,
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the dart
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess heart,
 And kill'd the poor *Chloris* with mourning.

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
 Wounded by me ! he said ;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
 Down to the silent shade.

Then on her could snowy breast leaning his head,
 Expir'd the poor *Strephon* with mourning.

X.

To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her at a Confort.

To the Tune of, *The bonniest Lass in a' the Warld.*

Look where my dear *Hamillia* smiles,
Hamillia ! heavenly charmer ;
 See how with all their arts and wiles
 The *loves* and *graces* arm her.
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair Seats of youthful pleasures,
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest Maid, I own thy pow'r,
 I gaze, I sigh and languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee ;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

2. C.
The

The bonny S C O T. A.To the Tune of, *The Boat-man.*

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny *Scot* — man :
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat — man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny *Scot* — man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the word,
 Then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man ,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny *Scot* — man.

Scornfu*

*Scornfu' Nanfy.**To its own Tune.*

Nanfy to the green wood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chat'ring,
 And Willie he has followed her,
 To gain her love by flat'ring :
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny or my aunty ?
 With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty :
 With bannocks of good barley meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped stocks fou butter'd well ;
 And was not that right dainty ?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry :
 A good blew bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his cragy ;
 And ay until the day he died,
 He rade on good shanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy ?
 Wad ye compare ye'r fell to me,
 A docken till a tansie ?

I have

I have a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him couple *Sandy*,
 And well I wat his bonny Mou
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow *Nansy*, what needs a this din ?
 Do I not ken this *Sandy* ?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was *Rab* the beggar randy :
 His minny *Meg* upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy ;
 Will he compare a nasty pack
 To me your winsome *Willy* ?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,
 And said, did *Sandy* hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye :
 Sae had ye'r Tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For as lang's *Sandy*'s to the fore,
 Ye never shall get *Nansy*.

Z.



Slighted

Slighted Nanfy.

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

•T IS I have seven braw new gowns,
And ither seven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides I have seven milk-ky,
And *Sandy* he has but three ;
And yet for a' my good ky,
The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dikes,
My mither can card and spin,
And I am a fine fodgel lass,
And the filler comes linkin in :
The filler comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to see,
And fifty times wow ! O wow !
What ails the lads at me ?

When ever our *Baty* does bark,
Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
Will light and venture but in :
But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the house I rin ;
And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
I pray'd but anes i' the year,
I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
And a lad with muckle gear.

When

When I was at my neist prayers,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I get a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last prayers,
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O! if a beggar wad come,
 With that fame beggar I'd gae.
 And O! and what'll come o' me?
 And O! what'll I do?
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a woer I trow.

* This was written by Duncan Forbes, afterwards Lord Forbes, and Lord President of the *Lucky Nansy*.

To the Tune of, *Dainty Davie*.

W^Hile fops in saft *Italian* verse,
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehersc,
 While sangs abound and scene is scarce,
 These lines I have indited:
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* shall appear,
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
 The maidens are delighted.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my Lassie's cheeks;
 And syne the unmeaning name perfix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.

I'll

I'll fetch nae smile frae *Jove*,
 My height of extasy to prove,
 Nor sighing, — thus — present my love
 With roses eek and lillies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, — I had amaist forgot
 My mistress, and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unco' faut I wate :

But *Nansy*, 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime ;
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
 And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend, sonsy fair,
 Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
 Thy haff shut een and hodling air,
 Are a' my passion's fewel.
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;
 Yet thou has charms anew for me,
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
 Dryest wood will eithest low,
 And Nansy sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
 Hear then my charitable vow,

Dear venerable *Nansy*.
 But if the world my passion wrang,
 And say, ye only live in sang,
 Ken I despise a flandring tongue,

And sing to please my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

A S C O T S C A N T A T A.

The Tune after an *Italian* manner.

Compos'd by Signior Lorenzo Bocchi.

R E C I T A T I V E.

B Late *Jonny* faintly teld fair *Jeany* his mind ;
Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang ;
 He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind,
 Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

A I R.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live ; but O I'm wae,
 And unko sweer to die.
 Dear *Jeany*, think what dowry hours
 I thole by your disdain ;
 Ah ! should a breast sae saft as yours,
 Contain a heart of stane ?

R E C I T A T I V E.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,
 With melting heart she listned to the boy ;
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love :
 He in return thus sang his rising joy.

A I R.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
 Y'e've tint the power to pine ?
 My *Jeany*'s good, my *Jeany*'s fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine.
 O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
 Of dear enchanting bliss,
 A thousand joys around thy mouth,
 Gi'e heaven with ilka kiss.

The

The T O A S T. To the Tune of, *Saw ye my P E G G Y.*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free.
 Away with dull, here t'ye, sir;
 Ye're mistress, *Robie*, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

PEGGY a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lie.



*Maggie's Tocher.**To its ain Tune.*

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither ;
 And *Maggie* was in her prime,
 When *Willie* made courtship till her :
 Twa pistals charg'd beguells,
 To gie the courting shot ;
 And syne came ben the lass,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
 He first speer'd at the guidman,
 And syne at *Giles* the mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,
 Wee'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the hand ;
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.
 Your Tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The lass bound in her snood,
 And *Crummie* who kens her stake :
 With an auld bedden o' claihths,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land :
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither.

A house

A house is butt and benn,
 And *Crummie* will want her fother.
 The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither !
 We have nouther pot nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your Tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good stilts to the pleugh,
 And ye your sell maun steer :
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks
 That anes were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal :
 With ane auld kist made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody-bands,
 And that may had your Tocher.

Consider well, Guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* mare :
 The sadle's nane of my ain,
 An thae's but borrowed boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my coots :
 The cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,
 That gars me look fae crouse ;
 Come fill us a cogue of swats,
 We'll make nae mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' Gear that was my ain.

But sin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll ha'e,
 It'll be but little worth.
 A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on *Giles* the mither:
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.
 The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 An they cudl'd it a' the gither,

Z.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Blink over the Burn sweet BETTIE.*

Leave kindred and friends, sweet *Betty*,
 Leave kindred and friends for me;
Assur'd thy servant is steddy
 To love, to honour, and thee.
 The gifts of nature and fortune,
 May fly, by chance as they came;
 They're grounds the destines sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my dear.
 And shou'd life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan assunder, like doves.

Oh!

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms !
 By thee to be grasp'd ! and kissed !
 And live on thy heaven of charms !
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Shou'd fortune capricious prove ;
 Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

M.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The bonny Gray-ey'd Morning.*

Elestial muses, tune your lyres
 Grace all my raptures with your lays,
 Charming, enchanting *Kate* inspires,
 In lofty sounds her beauties praise :
 How undesigning she displays
 Such scenes as ravish with delight ;
 'Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
 They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind God give this, this only dart,
 I neither will nor can her harm,
 I would but gently touch her heart,
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.
 Go, *Venus*, use your fay'rite wile,
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,
 Let all your graces round her smile,
 And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
 And all my anxious cares remov'd,
 In moving notes, I'll tell the maid,
 With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.

Then

Then shall alternate life and death,
My ravish'd flutt'ring soul posses,
The softest tend'rest things I'll breath,
Betwixt each am'rous fond careſſ.

O.

SONG.

To the Tune of, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

Subjected to the pow'r of love,
By Nell's resistless charms,
The fancy fixt no more can rove,
Or fly love's soft alarms.

Gay *Damon* had the skill to shun
All traps by *Cupid* laid,
Untill his freedom was undone
By *Nell* the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love
When she resolves to kill?
Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
And wound us with our will.

O happy *Damon*, happy fair,
What *Cupid* has begun,
May faithful *Hymen* take a care
To see it fairly done.

G.



SONG

S O N G.

Tune of, *Logan Water.**Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.*

TELL me *Hamilla*, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the *fawn*, with fear oppres'd
 Seeking its *mother* ev'ry where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face,
 Not with a hateful stept pursue,
 As age, to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all rivals to outshine,
 And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
 Leave *mama*'s arms and come to *mine*.

W.

A South-Sea Sang.

R

Tune of, *For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we came to *London Town*,
 We dream'd of gowd in gowpings here,
 And rantinely ran up and down,
 In rising stocks to buy a skair:

We

We dastly thought to row in rowth,
 But for our daffine pay'd right dear;
 The lave will fare the war in trouth,
 For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purses toom,
 And dainty stocks began to fa',
 We hang our lugs and wi' a gloom,
 Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.
 If we gang near the *South-Sea* house,
 The whillywha's will grip ye'r gear,
 Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
 For our lang biding here.

Hap me with thy Petticoat. R.

O *BELL* thy looks have kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain,
 When night returns I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm:
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charming
 petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways,
 Present thee to my arms.
 But waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint,

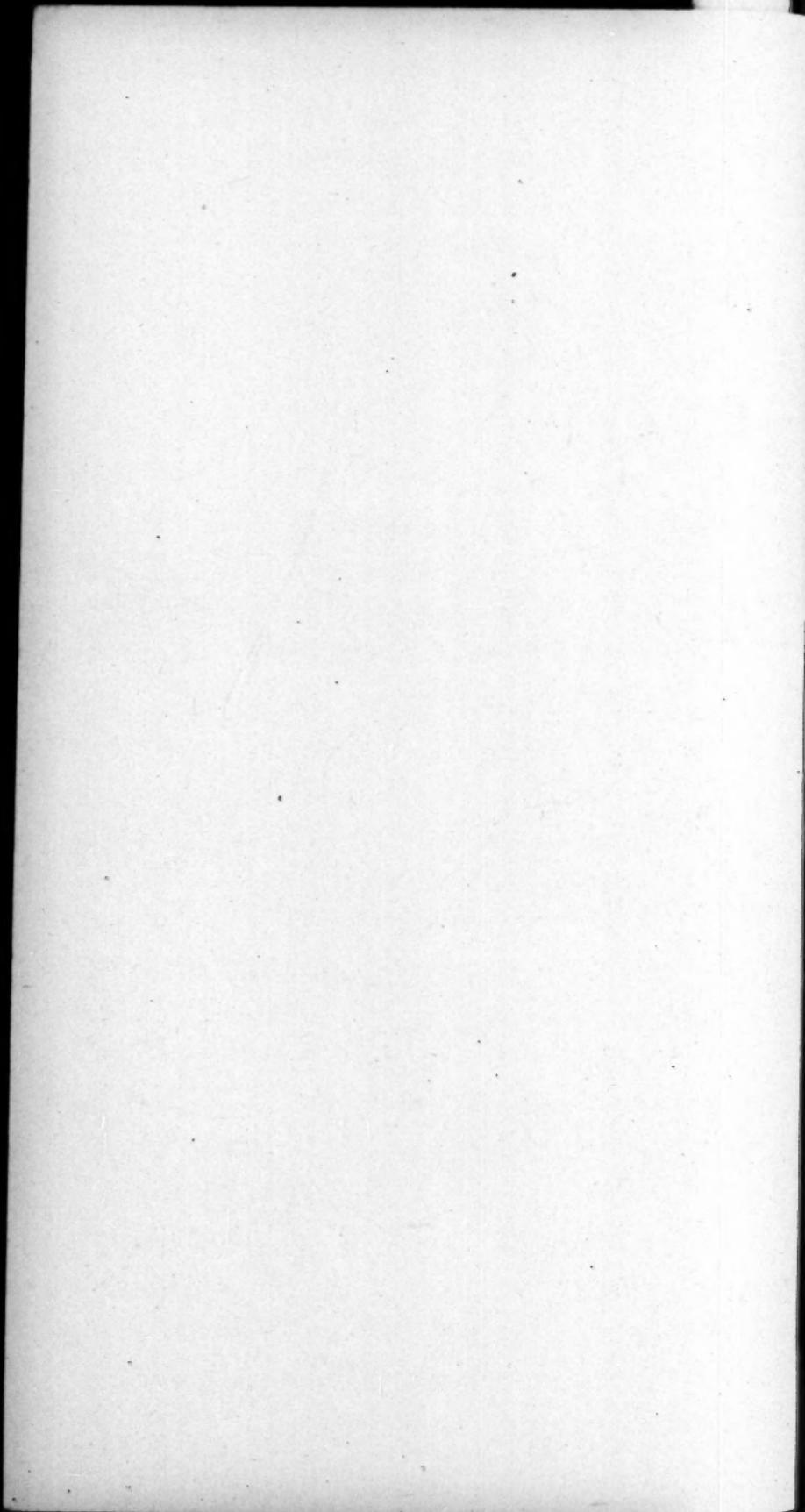
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"falso you wold cloke about you:

Mark 2

But wha'st there fyle I com?
Thou kens my cloke is very thin
Thae ha'e tomorrow
Crickit thereon camme in
Then I'll nae mair barrow^{ow} nor levet
I'll nae mair apparell'd be
Tomorrow I'll to the tow' 7 spend
I'll ha'e a new cloke about me.



I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh! turn and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fixed for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to flight,
 By hindring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

Love inviting Reason.

A SONG to the Tune of, — *Chami ma chatte, ne
 duce skar mi.*

When innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a Tree,
 E'er *Annie* became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely and loving and bony was she?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee; —
 O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and cany,
 And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the spleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee;
 Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae these een,
 That look with indifference on poor dying me?
 Reuze

Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me ;
 O ! as thou art bony, be prudent and cany,
 And think on thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Ah ! shou'd a new manto or *Flanders* lace head,
 Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine ?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me ;
 O ! as thou art bony be solid and cany,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
 And aim at these Benisons promis'd to me ?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me ;
 O ! as thou art bony be constant and cany,
 Love only thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

O ! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That slade away saftly between thee and me,
 E'er squirrels, or beaus, or foppery had power
 To rival my love and impose upon thee.
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me ;
 O ! as thou art bony be faithfu' and cany,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.



The Bob of Dumblane. *2.*

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame ;
For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.
Haste ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
Busk ye braw and dinna think shame ;
Consider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Befrank my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.
The dinner, the piper and priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,
Away then leave baith minny and dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

S O N G *complaining of Absence.*

To the Tune of, *My Apron Deary*.

Ah *Chloe* ! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest,
I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
There sigh for my charmer, and long to return.
The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
But they smile all in vain — my *Chloe*'s away :
The field and the grove can afford me no ease, —
But bring me my *Chloe*, a desart will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye ;
These are not the looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.

These looks where bright love like the sun sits enthron'd,
And smiling diffuses his influence round,
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer amaz'd ;
Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,
It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night ;
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
In secret to languish, a prey to despair.
But absence and torment abate not my flame,
My *Chloe*'s still charming, my passion the same ;
O ! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, for I would be blest.

R.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I fixed my Fancy on her.*

Bright *Cynthia*'s power divinely great,
What heart is not obeying ?
A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.
She seems the queen of love to reign ;
For she alone dispenses
Such sweets as best can entertain
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
Her breath gives balmy blisses ;
I hear an angel when she sings,
And taste of heaven in kisses.
Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
From nature's richest treasure :
Let me the other sense employ,
And I shall die with pleasure.

X.

A SONG

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I loo'd a bonny Lady.*

TEL me, tell me charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain?
Must I die for every feature?
Must I always love in vain?
The desire of admiration
Is the pleasure you pursue :
Pray thee try a lasting passion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you ;
For a lover ought to dare :
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.
Are such giddy ways befitting ?
Will my dear be fickle still ?
Conquest is the joy of women,
Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my desp'rate thoughts increase ;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wand'ring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be :
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.



The R E P L Y.

IN vain, fond youth ; thy tears give o'er ;
 What more alas can *Flavia* do ?
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore :
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more ;
 Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain, since any power,
 To crown thy love must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,
 Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict endure.

X.

The Rose in YARROW.
 by Robert Crawford.

To the Tune of, *Mary Scot.*

TWas summer and the day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the braes of *Yarrow* ;
 Till then despising beauty's power,
 I kept my heart, my own secure :
 But *Cupid*'s art did there deceive me,
 And *Mary*'s charms do now enslave me,

Will cruel love no bribe receive ?
 No ransom take for *Mary*'s slave ?
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me :
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
 No bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming fair :

This

This beauteous flower, this rose of *Yarrow*,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,
I'd ask to ly in *Mary's* breast ;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;
Despising kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts and courtiers fate ;
My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her and live on *Yarrow*.

But tho' such blifs I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind ?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind ;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of *Yarrow*.

C.

The fair Penitent.

A S O N G, — *To its own Tune.*

A Lovely lass to a friar came
To confess in a morning early.
In what, my dear, are you to blame ?
Come own it all sincerely,
I've done, sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad who loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
Then you to Rome for that must go,
There discipline to suffer.

Lake a day, sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeate the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.
I must own, sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

X.

The last Time I came o'er the Moor. R.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When soft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastly sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be called where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
Where dangers may surround me:

Yet

Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such Blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place,
 To let a rival enter :
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,
 On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me ;
 Then *Hymen*'s sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

The Lass of Peaty's MILL. *R.*

THE Lass of *Peaty's Mill*,
 So bony, blyth and gay,
 In spight of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her

Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I fuch sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiff.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bony she,
 The Lass of *Peaty's* Mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful Guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient Air,
 Of my dear *Delia* take a care,
 And represent her Lover,
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love and truth ;
 'Till I return, her passions sooth,
 For me, in whispers move her.

Be

Be careful no base sordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In Shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd for pleasures, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair *Delia* does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let Poets, in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ;
 Let sons of musick pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie. R.

IN *April*, when Primroses paint the sween plain,
 And Summer approaching rejoyceth the swain ;
 The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees
 (grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn :

He

He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sang, 'Tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth :
But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sow'r : (dow'r,
Then, fighing, he wished, would Parents agree,
The witty sweet *Susie* his Mistress might be.

N A N Y-O. *R.*

WHile some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll save myself, and without stealth,
Kiss and caress my *Nanny--O*.
She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*
Than *Leda* did for *Danae--O* :
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None else should sit but *Nanny--O*.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely--O,
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely--O.
Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
Breath in the blest *Britannia*,
None's happiness I shall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny--O*,

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*My bony, bony Nanny--O.
My lovely charming Nanny--O,
I care not tho' the world know
How dearly I love Nanny--O.*

Bony JEAN. *R.*

LOVE's Goddess in a myrtle grove,
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let the shaft at random rove,
For *Jeany*'s haughty heart must bleed.
The smiling boy, with divine art,
From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bony *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses *Willy*'s kind address ;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spys some new
Surprising charms in bony *Jean*.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind :
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean ;
The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bony *Jean*.

The

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which even in summer shortn'd seems ;
 When sunk in downis, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than *Troy*'s prize, the *Spartan* Queen,
 With breaking day, he lifts his Sight,
 And pants to be with bony *Jean*.

Throw the Wood Laddie. *R.*

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn ?
 Thy Presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me :
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell :
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning ;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, I wander my sell.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

Down the Burn DAVIE.
By Robert Crawford.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When *Mary* was compleat fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth *Davy*'s blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burnside,
And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her Cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guesf, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;
And that they often shou'd return
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.

S O N G.

To the Tune of *Gilder Roy.*

AH! *Cloris*, cou'd I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No Happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire,
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :
 But as your Charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While *Cupid* at my heart,
 Till as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;--
 To make a beauty, she

X.

See Petrons. Song vii. p. 1.



A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bless in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine,
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs.
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor thinks he shou'd love, whom she cannot admire :
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thy self to the grave.

X.

SONG.

To the Tune of, *Wken she came ben she bobed*

Come, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove.

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint:
But I found her *religion*, her *face* and her *love*,
Were *hypocrify*, *paint*, and *self-interest*, by Jove.

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing air,
Her *outside* was orderly, modest and fair;
But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,
For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
(You know *marriage* and *money together* does best.)
But the *baggage* forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,
Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling dull coxcomb*, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:
I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
And for *strumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them, by Jove. L.

DUMBARTON's Drums.

Dumbarton's Drums beat bonny — O,
When thy mind me of my dear *Jonny* — O;
How happy am I,
When my soldier is by,

While

While he kisses and blesses his *Annie* — O!
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me — O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me — O:
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no wars alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me — O.

My love is a handsome laddie — O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy — O:
 Tho' committions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year ;
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie — O.
 A soldier has honour and bravery — O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery — O:
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king ;
 For every other care is but slavery — O:

Then I'll be the captain's lady — O
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy — O ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And when e'er that beats, I'll be ready — O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny — O ;
 They are sprightly like my dear *Fonny* — O:
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his *Annie* — O!

Auld lang syne. R.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars ?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorions wars :

Vide The Old Song of Old Long Syne
 in Watsons Collection 1711. p. 71.

Welcome, my VARO, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay :
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such flav'ry great,
 While bounded like a ball :
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blyth bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above :

Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

The Lass of Livingston. R.

Pain'd with her slighting *Jamie's* love,
Bell dropt a tear — *Bell* dropt a tear,
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear — Well pleas'd to hear,
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue — from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung — and thus she sung.

Blest days when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind — more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex ;
 But spoke their mind — but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return — wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
 Or cause him mourn — or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame, — yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame — to own my flame ?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy — and seem too coy ?
 Which makes me now alas lament
 My slighted joy — my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire — own your desire,
 While love's young power with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire — fans up the fire.
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design — or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain — but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes — with flowing eyes.
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprise — with sweet surprise.
 Some God had led him to the grove ;
 His mind unchang'd — his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, my love,
 I am reveng'd — I am reveng'd !

Peggy, *I must love thee.* *R.*

AS from a rock past all relief,
 The shipwrackt *Colin* spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying :
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise ;
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted :
 Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in *Peggy*'s mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then

13
will
of this
of both

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying ;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying :
 I'll hast dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose ;
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False *Betty*'s charms now disappear,
 Since *Peggy*'s far outshine them.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

.R.

O *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray*,
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
 But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy*'s hair like a Lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a *May Morning*,
 When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis'* lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And

Bessy Bell was *Elizabeth Bennet* the daughter of Sir
 William Bennet of Grabbat. (says Sir James Foulis).
 ¶ this — See Stat Acco^t. x. 621. the tradition of the parentage
 & both the heroines, and the locality of the scene.

And *Mary's Locks* are like a crow,
 Her eyes like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming trite and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O *Jove !* she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Wae' me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stentid ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee. *R.*

JONNY.
THO' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd
 reave me,
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee :
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented ;
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.

Grieve,

Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

J O N N Y.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
For, while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye:
Your blooming saft beauties first beeted love's fire,
Your vertue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistris, for love gars me trow ye
And gin ye prove fause, to ye'r fell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

J O N N Y.

Bid iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the studdy,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

My Deary, if thou die.

By Robert Crawford.

L Ove never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me:
Without thee I shall never live,
My deary, if thou die.

IF

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray ?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see :
 Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
 My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new blown beauty fires my heart
 With *Cupid*'s raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that like the morning sun
 Gave joy and life to me ;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share ;
 You who it's faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair.
 Restore my *Peggy*'s wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me ;
 Oh ! never rob them from those arms :
 I'm lost, if *Peggy* die.

Rob! Crawford.

C.

My Jo Janet.

Sweet sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the *Bass* then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking-glass then.
 Keek into the draw-well,
 Janet, Janet ;
 And there ye'll see ye'r boony sell,
 My *Jo Janet.*

Keeking

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in,
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd my self for sin.
Had the better be the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae,
 My Jo Janet.

Good sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet,
Ae pair may gain ye baff a year,
 My Jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they shou'd see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their faults will no be seen,
 My Jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.

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 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet ;
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.

My Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir,
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, Sir.
Make the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
 My Jo Janet.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, John Anderson my Jo.

WHat means this niceness now of late,
 Since time that truth does prove ?
 Such distance may consist with state,
 But never will with love.
 'Tis either cunning or disdain
 That does such ways allow ;
 The first is base, the last is vain:
 May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
 You over act your part;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not haff that art :
 For if you chance a look to cast,
 That seems to be a frown,
 I'll give you all the love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.



Auld

AULD ROB MORRIS.

M I T H E R.

Auld Rob Moris that wins in yon glen, (Men,
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too ;
Auld Rob Moris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Ha'd your tongue mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree :
They'll never agree, and that will be seen !
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride ;
He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too,
Auld Rob Moris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Auld Rob Moris I ken him fou weel,
His A—— it sticks out like ony peet-creel,
He's out shin'd, in kneed and ringle-ey'd too ;
Auld Rob Moris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

M I T H E R.

Tho' auld Rob Moris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan ;
Then, daughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Moris is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

But auld Rob Moris I never will hae,
His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown gray :
I had titter die than live wi' him a Year ;
Sae mair of Rob Moris I never will hear. Q.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, Come kifs with me, come clap with me, &c.

P E G G Y.

MY *Jocky* blyth for what thou has done,
There is nae help nor mending ;
For thou has jog'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither sees a change on me,
For my complexion dashes,
And this, alas ! has been with thee
Sae late amang the rashes.

J O C K Y.

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,
To free thee frae her scouling ;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling :
For her content I'll instant wed,
Since thy complexion dashes ;
And then we'll try a feather-bed,
"Tis safter than the rashes.

P E G G Y.

Then *Jocky* since thy love's so true,
Let mither scoul, I'm easy :
Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my hand I's ne'er complain :
O ! well's me on the rashes ;
When e'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a feg for a' their clashes.

Z.
SONG.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, Rothes's Lament; or, Pinky-house.

AS *Silvia* in a forest lay
To vent her woe alone ;
Her swain *Sylvander* came that way,
And heard her dying moan.
Ah ! is my love (she said) to you
So worthless and so vain :
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
E'er you'd exchange your love ;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore ?
But ah ! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind :
Alas ! I see it but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die :
But oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous constant I
Should by your self be kill'd.

This said — all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt :
But ere the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

The young Laird and Edinburgh KATY. R

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistris in her tartan screen,
Fow' bony, braw and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wisht a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while;
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the summer's gawn to smile:
The mavis, nightingale and lark,
The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
Will nourish health and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow.
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, saft and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bower:
When e'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATY's

KATY's Answer.

R.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me;
I canna get leave
To look to my loove,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;
Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wytte ye'r poor *Kate*,
When e'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his gear ;
And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion ;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOT. R.

Mappy's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow?

Ah

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When *Mary Scot's* become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on *Yarrow*.

O're Bogie. *R.*

I Will awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae ;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistris of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.

Let

Let rakes delyte to fwear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On *Betty's* bony face.

I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,
 And lockt up in my arms !

I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
 Shamefa' them that wa'd change
 A kiss of *Betty*, and a smile,
 Abeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to *Britain's* isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown.

I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to MAGGY. *A*

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth I'll learn to sing,
 Or likes the nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus'* spring,
 And invoke *Apollo*.

If

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour ;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur day and night
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bony *Maggy*'s love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

Polwart on the *G R E E N*. *R.*

A T Polwart on the green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do convene
 To dance about the thron.
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad compleat,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dory dames say *na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleez ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That lang na to be free.

At

At *Polwart* on the green,
 Amang the new mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pais the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

John Hay's bony *Lassie.* .Q.

BY smooth winding *Tay* a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
 My self thus away, and darna discover
 To my bony *Hay* that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger ;
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer :
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-mor-
 The sward of the mead, enamel'd with daisies, (row:
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter :
 'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded ;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded :
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye,
 For a' my desire is *Hay*'s bony lassie.

Katharine

Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While *May's* sweet scent did chear my brain,
From flowers which grow so rarely :
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;
I ask'd her name: sweet sir, she said,
My name is *Katharine Ogie*.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly :
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same *Katharine Ogie*.

Thou flower of females, beauty's Queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee :
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clownish rogue ;
Thour't match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O were I but some shepherd-swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With *Kate*, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmens dangerous stations:
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conquering nations:
 Might I careſſ and ſtill poſſeſſ
 This laſt, of whom I'm vogie;
 For theſe are toys and ſtill look leſſ,
 Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me ſo fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair ſurround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie:
 Pity my caſe ye powers above,
 Else I die for *Katharine Ogie*.

X.

Ann thou were my ain Thing

R. J.

OF race divine thou needs muſt be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's fake, oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

*Ann thou were my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
 Ann thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!*

The gods one thing peculiар have,
 To ruin none whom they can ſave;
 O! for their fake, ſupport a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

The laſt 6 Stanza's only by Rainsay;
the firſt 4 by a diſſ. hand say. Mr. Pittſon —

H

T.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake,
 What man can name, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still will ne'er have done,
 Till fates my threed of life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

X

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,

And gar the Gods envy me.

Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in saft whispers through the night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee,

Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*,
 She moves a Goddess o'er the green ;
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,
 Nane but my fell aboon thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

Time's

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of nae delay,

O let nae scorn undo thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee. . 2.

MY sweetest *May*, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee ;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it,
'Tis prood a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bony ;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em ;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

O my dear laffie, it is but daffin,
 To had thy woer up ay niff naffin.
 That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
 O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of J E A N.

Jocky said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't ?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tochergood,
 For my tochergood, I winna marry thee.
 E'ens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let it be.

I ha' gowd and gear, I ha' land enough,
 I ha' seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and lingking o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,
 A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire ;
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be ;
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my sell.
 Ye're a bony lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Peggy, I must love thee.*

Beneath a beech's grateful shade,
 Young Colin lay complaining ;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining : For

For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet *Peggy* I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him:
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where every maid invites me;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only flights me:
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor *Colin*'s care e're move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Robt Bruce Ford.

C.



Genty TIBBY, and sonfy NELLY. R.*To the Tune of, Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a store of charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her ?
 Frae 'er ancle to her slender waste,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.

NELLY's gawfy, saft and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in *May* ;
 Ilk ane that sees her, crys, *ah bey*
She's bonny ! O I wonder at her.
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her ;
 Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyson with the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear thegither,
 O love ! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither ?
 Our spacious fauls immense desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin swither.

TIBBY's shape and airs are fine,
 And *Nelly*'s beauties are divine :
 But fince they canna baith be mine,

Ye Gods, give ear to my petition,
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provison,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect *plano* and fruition.

Up in the Air. R.

NOW the sun's gang out o' sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light :
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to *France*.

Up in the air
 On my bonny grey mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna',
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot ba';
 Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon
 Is carousing aboon ;
 D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet ?
The man, &c.

Take your glas to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the lovers fire.

Up in the air,
 It drives away care ;
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, Lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost ;
 Come, *Willie*, gi's about ye'r tost ;
 Til't, lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair :
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub ber o'er wi' Strae. *R.*

GI N ye meet a bony lassie,
 Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
 Of ilka joy, whén ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis *May*,
 Gae pu'the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When *Jenny* speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyté
 On you, if she kepp ony syaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll similing say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lyes the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss:
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent grant:
 Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whinning cant.

P A T I E and P E G G Y.

R.

P A T I E.

B Y the delicious warmnes of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess my lassie, that as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

P E G G Y.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sowlr.

P A T I E.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetnes they may tine, and sae may ye:
 Red cheek'd you compleatly ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

P E G G Y.

P E G G Y.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
 Into my *Patie's* arms for good and a' :
 But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

P A T I E.

O charming armsfu' ! hence, ye cares, away,
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day :
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

C H O R U S.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
O laib your steeds, poft time away,
And haste about our bridel day :
And if ye're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.

The Mill, Mill — O. R.

B Eneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still — ;
 A lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her with good will — O :
 Her bosom I prest ; but, sunk in her rest,
 She stirdna my Joy to spill — O :
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill — O,
 Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For wind blew fair on the bill — O.

Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising fame
 Tald me with a voice right shill — O,
 My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlyng speer'd how she fell — O.
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, let me die,
 Sweet sir, gin I can tell — O.
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bad her a' fears expell — O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed my fell — O.

My bonny sweet lass on the gowany grass,
 Beneath the *flailing-hill* — O,
 If I did offence, I'se make ye amends
 Before I leave *Peggy's mill* — O.
 O the mill, mill — O, and the kill, kill — O,
 And the cogging of the wheel — O ;
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel — O.

C O L I N and G R I S Y parting. *R.*

To the Tune of, *Woe's my heart that we should funder.*

W^Ith broken words, and down-cast eyes,
 Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender ;
 And, parting with his *Grisy*, crys,
 Ah ! woe's my heart that we should funder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder :
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go ;
 It breaks my heart that we should funder.

Chain'd

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor Time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invites our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder ;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we funder.

Ye Gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her :
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

TH E pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
 Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow !

○ wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!

And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir flee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,
As e'er the shaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw, and lady like,
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wylily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
To speer for thy silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd, waladay,
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, praise be blest,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can say,
 She's aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she fit,
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his aith.
 Quo'she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

Okend my minny I were wi' you,
 Illfardly wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie-man,
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na learn'd the beggars tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the gaberlunzie — O.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,

While we shall be merry, and sing.

I.

The CORDIAL. *R.*

To the Tune of, *Where shall our Goodman ly.*

H E.

WHere wad bonny *Anne* ly?
Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're laking?

S H E.

Can a lass sae young as I,
Venture on the bridal tie,
Syne down with a goodman ly?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

H E.

In my bosom thou shall ly,
When thou wauknife art or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman ly
Wha can a cordial give me.

Ew-bughts M A R I O N.

Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me ;
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae haff sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her eye ;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And filk on your white hauss-bane ;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnflaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
At kirk when they see my Marion ;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day ;

And

And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat of the *London* brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 When e'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my *Marion* ;
 Nane dances like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, *Marion*,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean* :
Sae put on your pearlins, *Marion*,
 And kyrtle of the cramasie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see ye.

Q.

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The blythfome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lilting there ;
 For *Jocky*'s to be married to *Maggie*,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley-meal ;
 And there will be good fawt herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be *Saney* the futor,
 And *Will* wi' the meikle mou ;
 And there will be *Tam* the blutter,
 With *Andrew* the tinkler, I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd legged *Robbie*,
 With thumbless *Katie*'s goodman ;
 And there will be blue cheeked *Dowbie*,
 And *Lawrie* the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber *Partie*,
 And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
 That wins in the how of the hill ;
 And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,
 Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
 And coft him gray breek to his arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warse :
 And there will gleed *Geordy Tanners*,
 And *Kirb* with the lilly white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Juden Mlawrie*,
 And blinkin daft *Barbara M'leg*,
 Wi' flae lugged sharny fac'd *Lawrie*,
 And shangy mou'd halucket *Meg*.
 And there will be happen-ars'd *Nansy*,
 And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by name,
 Muck *Madie*, and fat hippit *Grify*,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,
 With his glakit wife *Jenny Bell*,
 And misle-shin'd *Mungo Ma'apie*,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlings
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And

And there will be fadges and brachen,
 With fourth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Pow sowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt feet in a plate.

And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whytens and speldings enew,
 With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapp'd milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and farles, and Baps,
 With swats, and well scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Off flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrap't haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

Z.

The Highland Laddie. R.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie ?

O my

*O my bonny bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.*

*If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.*

*The brawest beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compair'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.*

*O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady.
Frai winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.*

*A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady ;
But I can kifs, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.*

*Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.*

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

ALLAN-WATER,

Or, *My Love Annie's very bonny.*

By Robert Crawford

WHat numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my *Annie*?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That *Annie* kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming *Annie*,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When *Flora*'s fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths conveen,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blessful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd *Amyntor* came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* art,
 His wyles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart ;
 Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*. C.

Robt. Crawford.

The Collier's bonny Lassie. R.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny,
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money :
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover ;
 But love is like the ocean ;
 Wha can its depth discover !

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life wäs dull without her.
 After mature resoluing,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In safest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her,

My

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let nathing discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Where HELEN lies. R.

To —— in Mourning.

A H! why those tears in *Nelly's* eyes ;
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind ;
 Wounded I sigh for thee ;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height by *Hymen's* ties,
 To lay me down where *Hellen* lies,
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love, and die,
 When such a sovereign cure is by ;
 No ; she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate'er my fate may be,

Which

Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,
 With those dear agents I'll advise,
 They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
 The least believ'd by me.

S O N G.

By William Hamilton of Bangour.
To the Tune of, Gallowshiel.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
A When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the redning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 Till death o'er take me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes persue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

All the preceding were published in a small Vol. 16 the early in 1724. To

To L. M. M.

Tune, *Rantin roaring Willie.**R.*

O *MARY!* thy graces and glances,
 Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
 Clear wit and good humour display.
 But say not thou'l't imitate angels
 Ought farrer, tho' scarcely, ah me !
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me ?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 And shipwreck'd on landskips on shore :
 Be still more divine, and have pity ;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For, *MARY*, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor loves, nor expects, to be free ;
 Thy beauties are fettters delightful,
 Thy slavery's a pleasure to me.



This is no mine ain House. *ll.*

THIS is not mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young *Robie's* bride,
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
And please me with the tricKing o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me ;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,
My *Robie's* nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay ;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife.
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee she faws.

Return hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be,
Thou art a fool to suffer pain
For love of ane that loves not thee :

My

My heart, let be sic fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good cause;
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?
 Be happy in thine ain free will,
 My heart, be never beastial,
 But ken wha does thee good or ill:
 At hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha can best play their paws,
 And let the filly fling her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Tho' she be fair, I will not fenzie,
 She's of a kind with mony mae;
 For why, they are a felon menzie
 That seemeth good, and are not sae.
 My heart, take neither sturt nor wae
 For *Meg*, for *Marjory*, or *Mause*,
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember how that *Medea*
 Wild for a sight of *Jason* yied,
 Remember how young *Cressida*
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomedede*;
 Remember *Helen*, as we read,
 Brought *Troy* from bliss unto bair waws:
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,
 For her depart my heart was fair,
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care:

But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final end and clause,
 And let her feed and fooly fair,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,
 Nor gie a sob, altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her braws;
 Now let her shirrt and fyke her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

2.

To Mrs. E. C.

Tune, *Sae merry as we have been.*

R

NOW *Phebus* advances on high,
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen;
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.
 Thro' plantings, by burnies sae clear,
 We wander for pleasure and health,
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be;
 Yet in them a' nathing is found,
 Sae perfect *Eliza* as thee.
 Thy een the clear fountains excell,
 Thy locks they out-rival the grove;
 When zephyres those pleasingly fwell,
 Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The

The roses and lillies combin'd,
 And flowers of maist delicate hue,
 By thy cheek and dear breasts are out-shin'd,
 Their tinctures are naithing sae true.
 What can we compare with thy voice?
 And what with thy humour sae sweat?
 Nae musick can blesz with sic joys;
 Sure angels are just sae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
 Whose beauties ten thousand out-shine;
 Thy sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.
 Ye powers who have given sic charms
 To *Eliza*, your image below,
 O save her frae all humane harms!
 And make her hours happily flow.

My Dady forbad, my Minny forbad. R.

When I think on my lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.
 My dady was harsh,
 My minny was warse,
 That gart him gae yont the sea,
 Without an estate,
 That made him look blate;
 And yet a brave lad is he.
 Gin safe he come hame,
 In spite of my dame,
 He'll ever be welcomē to me.

Love speers nae advice
 Of parents o'er wise,

But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final end and clause,
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 In spite of my dame,
 He'll ever be welcomé to me.

Love speers nae advice
 Of parents o'er wise,

That have but ae bairn like me,
 That looks upon cash,
 As naithing but trash,
 That shackles what shou'd be free.
 And tho' my dear lad
 Not ae penny had,
 Since qualities better has he ;
 Abiet I'm an heirefs,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then my dear *Jamie*,
 To thy kind *Jeanie*,
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
 To her wha can find
 Nae ease in her mind,
 Without a blyth sight of thee.
 Tho' my dady forbad,
 And my minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone
 My favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
 Or without their leave,
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :
 Be content with a heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose or be.
 My parents may prove
 Yet friends to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see ;
 Then I with pleasure
 Will yield up my treasure,
 And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune, Steer her up, and had her gawn. *R.*

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
But gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
Cast thy cares of love away;
Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade and books.
Let's have pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Plac't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou, as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of *Venus* and her *Mumpers*,
Drinking better is than love.

Clout the Caldron. R.

Have you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinkler to my trade,
And newly come frae *Flanders*,

As

As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad-run ;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a fingle flie
 For any man's resentment ;
 For lady fair, tho' I appear
 To every ane a tinkler,
 Yet to your sell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love *Jupiter* into a fwan
 Turn'd, for his lovely *Leda* ;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff *Europa*.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your *Argos* blinker,
 And win your love like mighty *Jove*,
 Thus hide me in a tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinkler under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The Malt-Man. *R.*

THE malt-man comes on *Munday*,
He craves wonder fair,
Cries, *dame, come gi'e me my filler,*
Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.

I took him into the pantry,
And gave him some good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hostler wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,
And gaugers with wands o'er soон,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
But I can be as flee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears scores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll answer a bill for me.

*R**Bonny B E S S Y.*

Tune, *Beffy's Haggies.*

R

BESSY's beauties shine sae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in transport make me view her.

Bonny

Bonny *Beffy*, thee alane
 Love I, naithing else about thee ;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.

BESSY's bosom's saft and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear *Beffy*, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.

BESSY's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must intice a thousand lovers.
 It's not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teez ye.



Omnia vincent amor.

AS I went forth to view the spring
 Which *Flora* had adorned
 In rament fair ; now every thing
 The rage of winter scorned :
 I cast mine eye and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamor ;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murmur'ring river,
 And mourfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver,

Ah !

Ah! Jeany's face and comely grace,
 Her locks that shin'd like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days ;
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets sheen,
 The morning sun out-shining,
 Have caught my heart in *Cupid's* net,
 And make me die with pining,
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rate make me with care
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye chrystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning :
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her ;
 Ye enchanting birds note these my words,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for vertues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his breath begun to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer ;
 He figh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound lovē gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, tho' *Cupid* he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike *Mars* nor thund'ring *Jove*,
 And *Vulcan* with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Hence we may see the effects of love,
 Which Gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break asunder :
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar ;
 His heart's the book where he's to look
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Q.

The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had daughters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith but and ben,
 To find their mam a sniſhing.
The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aniest the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of sniſhing.

II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let i be gawn,
 For I maun ha'e a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with sniſhing.

The auld wife, &c.

III.

III.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

IV.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides haff blind, you have the gout,
 Your mill can had nae snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I ha'e baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

VI.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky-slut,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,
 And they a pistol bullet gat;
 She powerfully began to crack,
 To won hersell a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

VIII.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
 And 'tween her gums sae squeez and row't,
 Whilefrae her jaws the slaver flow'd;
 And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.

The auld wife, &c.

IX.

At last she ga'e a desperate squeez,
 Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
 But she tint hopes of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

X.

She of the task began to tire,
 And frae her dochters did retire,
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
 And died for lack of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

XI.

Ye auld wives notice well this truth,
 Assoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,

And leave aff thoughts of snishing :

*Else like this wife beyond the fire,
 Y'r bairns against you will conspire
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire
 A young man with your snishing.*

Q.

Note, Snishing in its literal meaning is snuff made of Tobacco ; but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

I'll

I'll never love thee more.

by the Marquis of Lorraine.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy :
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe :
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm, or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dares to share with me :
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my fword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 As ne'er was known before ;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

The Black Bird.

Upon a fair morning for soft recreation,
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
 With sighing and sobing, and sad lamentation,
 Saying, my *black bird* most royal is flown.
 My thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'er burthen'd with sad misery ;
 Yet if death should blind me,
 As true love inclines me,
 My *black bird* I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once in fair *England* my *black bird* did flourish,
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
 Because he was the true son of a king :
 But since that false fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this parting between him and me,
 His name I'll advance
 In *Spain* and in *France*,
 And seek out my *black bird*, wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair weather,
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.
 He's all my heart's treasure,
 My joy and my pleasure;
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,
 Who are constant and kind,
 And couragious of mind.
 All bliss on my *black bird*, wherever he be.

In *England* my *black bird* and I were together,
 Where he was still noble, and generous of heart.
 Ah! wo to the time that first he went thither,
 Alas! he was forc'd soon thence to depart.
 In *Scotland* he's deem'd,
 And highly esteem'd,
 In *England* he seemeth a stranger to be;
 Yet his fame shall remain
 In *France* and in *Spain*.
 All bliss to my *black bird*, wherever he be.

What if the fowler my *black bird* has taken,
 Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune';
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
 And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.
 For him through the fire,
 Through mud and through mire,
 I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,
 Who is constant and kind,
 And noble of mind,
 Deserving all blessings wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
 Nor tho' like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
 I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
 More than of one that in *Britain* is born.

I pray heaven so spacious,
 To Britain be gracious,
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
 Yet joy and renown,
 And lawrels shall crown
 My black bird with honour wherever he be.

Take your auld cloak about you.
 It is noticed in Shakespeare's Othello, written in 1614.

IN winter when the rain rain'd caul'd
 And frost and snaw on ilka-hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right haftily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne ;
 Aft has she wet the bairn's mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;
 Get up, goodman, it is sou time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king *Robert* rang,
 His trews they cost but haff a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see *Rob*, *Fock*, and *Hab*,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit harklen in the ase;
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman I wate 'tis thirty years,
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 Now they are women grown and men.
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield tho' I'm goodman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unlesis ye give her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Quadruple Alliance.

R.

Tune, Jocky blyth and gay.

SWIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Are still my heart's delight,
I sing their sangs by day,
And read their tales at night.
If frae their books I be,
•Tis dullness then with me ;
But when these stars appear,
Jokes, smiles and wit shine cleat.

Swift with uncommon stile,
And wit that flows with ease,
Instructs us with a smile,
And never fails to please.
Bright Sandy greatly sings
Of heroes, Gods and kings :
He well deserves the bays,
And ev'ry Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines ;
Young, with Horacian flame,
Corrects these false designs
We push in love of fame.
Blyth Gay in pawky strains,
Makes villains, clowns and swains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight ;
Let all the dunces bray,
You're far above their spite :
Such, from a malice sour,
Write nonsense, lame and poor,
Which never can succeed,
For, who the trash will read ?

R.

The End of the First Volume.

X. See Kitsons Songs v. 1. p. 188. for these
4 lines

(117)



alista.
To CLARINDA.

A S O N G. R

To the Tune of, *I wish my love were in a mire.*



LEST as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And bears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile, &c. }
So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid ;
Like thine, seraphick were her charms,
That in Circasia's vineyards stray'd,
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,
Strave to enchant the amorous king ;
But the Circasian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to sing.
Clarinda thus our sang inspires,
And claims the smooth and highest lays,
But while each charm our bosom fires,
Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint surpasses humane skill :
Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,
Let seraphs sing her if they will.
Whilst wand'ring, with a ravish'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a sister of the sky,
To whom an adoration's due.

VOL. II.

A

See Ramsays Poems 1780. v. 2. p. 190
for the first 4 lines

A S O N G.

R.

To the Tune of, *Lochaber no more.*

Farewel to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been ;
 For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
 We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on *weir*,
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' hurrycanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naithing like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd.
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be !
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.



The

The auld Goodman.

L Ate in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife was fawn in a strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began ;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, alake me auld goodman.

H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn ;
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

My heart alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome *John*,
 His blinkan eye and gate sae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone.
 His rosie face and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withall,
 And thou'l never be like my auld goodman.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen ? I thee maintain,
 For meal and mawt thou disna want ;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear gins to grow scant.

Of

Of household-stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well made bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'l ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay,
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
 I trow the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword of the fray
 Was ever, *alake my auld goodman.*

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Valiant Jock v.*

On a beautiful, but very young Lady.

BEAUTY from fancy takes its arms,
 And ev'ry common face some breast may move,
 Some in a look, a shape, or air find charms,
 To justify their choice, or boast their love.

But

But had the great *Apelles* seen that face,
 When he the *Cyprian* goddess drew,
 He had neglected all the female race,
 Thrown his first *Venus* by, and copied you.
 In that design,
 Great nature would combine
 To fix the standart of her sacred coin ;
 The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
 And shrines been rais'd to *Seraphina*'s name.

II.

But since no painter e'er could take
 That face which baffles all his curious Art ;
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart.
 O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be like thee inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better life and motion would create.
 Her eyes would inspire,
 And like *Prometheus'* fire,
 At once inform the piece and give desire,
 The charming phantom I would grasp, and flic
 O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time ;
 The graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
 The God of love in ambush lies,
 And with his arm surrounds the fair,
 He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpened dart at every hair.
 As with fatal skill,
 Turn which way you will,
 Like *Eden*'s flaming sword each way you kill ;

So ripening years improve rich nature's store,
And gives perfection to the golden ore. P.

Lass with a Lump of Land. R

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang thegither,
Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it maksna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a shilling,
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags.
And filler and gowd's a sweet complexion ;
But beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection :
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
But well tocher'd lasses or joynter'd widows.



The Shepherd *Adonis*.

I.

THE Shepherd *Adonis*
 Being weary'd with sport,
 He for a retirement
 To the woods did resort.
 He threw by his club,
 And he laid himself down ;
 He envy'd no monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,
 And he ate frae the tree,
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae trouble was free.
 He wish'd for no nymph,
 Tho' never sae fair,
 Had nae love or ambition,
 And therefore no care.

III.

But as he lay thus
 In an ev'ning sae clear,
 A heavenly sweet voice
 Sounded saft in his ear ;
 Which came frae a shady
 Green neighbouring grove,
 Where bony *Amynta*
 Sat singing of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,
 And found wha was there,
 He was quite confounded
 To see her sae fair :

He stood like a statue,
Not a foot cou'd he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him;
But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph she beheld him
With a kind modest grace,
Seeing something that pleased her
Appear in his face,
With blushing a little
She to him did say,
Oh shepherd! what want ye,
How came you this way?

VI.

His spirits reviving,
He to her reply'd,
I was ne'er sae surpris'd
At the sight of a maid,
Until I beheld thee
From love I was free
But now I'm tane captive,
My fairest, by thee.

2.

The C O M P L A I N T.

To B. I. G.

R.

To the Tune of, *When absent, &c.*

W^Hen absent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;
But whilst I strive these to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.

My

My captiv'd fancy day and night
 Fairer and fairer represents
Bellinda form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happy compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings
 To rest fan's ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles and killing air
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind delighted flies,
 O'er all her sweets with thirling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
 When to my self I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks looks wan:
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a man.



The young Lass contra auld Man.

R.

TH E carle he came o'er the croft,
 And his beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him !
 For a his beard new shaven,
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me nieft,
 To fasten on my curtchea nooked,
 I wor'd a wi upon my breast ;
 But soon alake ! the tongue o't crooked ;
 And sae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him !
 An twice a bairn's, a lass's a Jeft ;
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane ;
 For he has land and dollars plenty ;
 But waes me for him ! skin and bane
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him,
 What signifies his dirty riggs,
 And cash without a man with them.

But shou'd my canker'd dady gar
 Me take him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware,
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him !
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
 Sae *Lawty* says, I shou'd na hae him.

Vertue

V E R T U E and W I T,

The Preservatives of Love and Beauty.

R.

To the Tune of, Gillikranky.

H E.

Confess thy love, fair blushing maid,
 For since thine eye's consenting,
 Thy safter thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And nasays no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 With words thy wish denying;
 Since nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and reason's joint consent
 Make love a sacred blessing,
 Then happily that time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind careffing.
 Come then my *Katie* to my arms,
 I'll be nae mair a rover;
 But find out heaven in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover.

S H E.

What you design by nature's law,
 Is fleeting inclination,
 That *Willy*—*Wisp* bewilds us a'
 By its infatuation.
 When that goes out, careffes tire,
 And love's nae mair in season,
 Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
 With all our boasted reason.

H E.

H E.

The beauties of inferior cast
 May start this just reflection ;
 But charms like thine maun always last,
 Where wit has the protection.
 Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,
 Make beauty rise the sweeter ;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My love will grow completer.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, The happy clown.

IT was the charming month of *May*
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
 One morning by the break of day,
 Sweet *Chloe*, chaste and fair,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowry mead she goes,
 To breath a purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mein,
 Her handsome shape and dress so clean,
 She lookt all o'er like beauties queen,
 Drest in her best array.

The gentle winds, and purling stream
 Essay'd to whisper *Chloe*'s name,
 The savage beasts till then ne'er tame,
 Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people one might see,
 Parch'd all around her on a tree,
 With notes of sweetest melody
 They act a cheerful part.

The dull slaves on the toilsome plow,
 Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
 A glad subjection there they vow,
 To pay with all thei~~n~~ heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
 Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
 They leave their hoarse and ruful cry,
 And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
 And *Forth* that foam'd, and roar'd ere while,
 Glides calmly down as smooth as oil,
 Thro' all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content,
 To leave their wat'ry element,
 In glazie numbers down they bent,
 They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,
 Join'd to make up the rural ring,
 All brisk and dance, if she but sing,
 And make a jovial throng.

Kind *Phœbus* now began to rise,
 And paint with red the eastern skies,
 Struck with the glory of her eyes,
 He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bough she lays,
And all her glory she displays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And skip'd into the wood.

X.

Published in Watson's Choice Collection Part III. 1711. p 76

Lady Anne Bothwel's Lament.

Below, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep ;
If thou'l be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Below, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
*Below my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

Below, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile ;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid ;
For in thine eye, his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Below, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face and flatt'ring clear,
In time to me did not appear ;
But now I see that cruel he,
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Below, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth,
Let never any after me,
Submit unto thy courtesy :

For,

For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find
They all are perjur'd and unkind :
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son on my Lap,
From me sweet orphan take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
For, too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd,

Of

Of vows and oaths, forgetful he
Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.
But now perhaps thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
Perhaps at death ; for who can tell
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My smock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
Ah me ! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
Too soon, alake, thou'l weep for me :
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come ;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to bear thee weep.*

X.
SONG.

S O N G. by Francis Sempill.

She raise and loot me in.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies ;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in *Nelly's* eyes.
 When at her father's yate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 She shrowded only, with her smock
 Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
 She trembling stood ashame'd ;
 Her swelling breast and glowing face,
 And ev'ry touch enflam'd.
 My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the fort to win ;
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd
 To yield and let me in.

Then then, beyond expressing,
 Transporting was the joy ;
 I knew no greater blessing,
 So blest a man was I.
 And she, all ravisht with delight,
 Bid me oft come again ;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
 She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she prov'd with bairn,
 And sighing sat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.

N

Her

Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin :
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part :
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart ;
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime :
Thus all was well again,
And now she thanks the happy time
That e'er she loot me in.

Z.

S O N G.

If Love's a sweet Passion.

IF love's a sweet passion, why does it torment ?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint ?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate since I know 'tis in vain.
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
(heart.

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known.
But oh ! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love.
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty ? how sweet are the charms ?
How delightful embraces ? how peaceful her arms ?
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :

And

And to beauty's bright standart all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that cenquers, and keeps the fair field.

X.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

Honest man *John Ochiltree* ;
Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,
Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.

Alake, alake! I wont to do!

Ohon, Ohon! I wont to do!

Now wont to do's away frae me,

Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest man *John Ochiltree*,

Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree* ;

Come anes out o'er the moor to me,

And do but what thou dow to do.

Alake, alake! I dow to do!

Walaways! I dow to do!

To whoft and hirple o'er my tree,

My bony moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways *John Ochiltree*,

For mony a time I tell'd to thee,

Thou rade sae fast by sea and land,

And wadna keep a bridle hand ;

Thou'd tine the beast, thy sell wad die,

My silly auld *John Ochiltree*.

Come to my arms, my bony thing,

And chear me up to bear thee sing ;

And tell me o'er a' we hae done,

For thoughts maun now my life sustain.

Gae thy ways *John Ochiltree* :

Hae done! it has nae fa'r wi' me.

I'll set the beast in throw the land,
 She'll may be fa' in a better hand.
 Even sit thou there, and think thy fill,
 For I'll do as I wont to do still.

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, Jenny beguil'd the Webster.

The auld chorous.

*Up stairs, down stairs,
 Timber stairs fear me.
 I'm laith to ly a' night my lane,
 And Johny's bed sae near me.*

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
 Tho' I'm baith good and bony,
 I winna keep; for in my sleep
 I start and dream of Johny.
 When Johny then comes down the glen,
 To woo me, dinna hinder;
 But with content gi' your consent;
 For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
 For shame and skaith's the clink o't,
 To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
 I downa 'bide to think o't;
 Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,
 That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
 With hainches fow, and een sae bleu,
 To a' the bedrals bindging.

Had

Had *Eppy*'s apron bidden down,
 The kirk had ne'er a kend it ;
 But when the word's gane thro' the town,
 Alake ! how can she mend it.
 Now *Tam* maun face the minister,
 And she maun mount the pillar ;
 And that's the way that they maun gae,
 For poor folk has na filler.

Now ha'd ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
 Replied the kindly mither,
 Get *Johny*'s hand in haly band,
 Syne wap ye'r wealth together.
 I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your part discreetly ;
 And prove a wife, will gar his life,
 And barrel run right sweetly.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen, &c.*

OF all the birds, whose tuneful throats
 Do welcome in the verdant spring,
 I far prefer the *stirling*'s notes,
 And think she does most sweetly sing.
 Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird,
 Brought from the far *Canary* coast,
 Nor can the nightingale afford
 Such melody as she can boast.

When *Phœbus* southward darts his fires,
 And on our plains he looks a-scance,
 The nightingale with him retires,
 My *stirling* makes my blood to dance.

In spite of *Hyem's* nipping frost,
 Whether the day be dark or clear,
 Shall I not to her health entoast,
 Who makes it summer all the year.

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,
 I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy breast;
 And if you'll take my honest word,
 As sacred as before the priest,
 I'll bring thee where I will devise
 Such various ways to pleasure thee,
 The velvet-fog thou will despise,
 When on the *downy-hills* with me.

T. R.

Thomas Robertson.
* the name of his estate in Ruthven.

A S O N G.

To its own Tune.

IN January last,
 On munaday at morn,
 As through the fields I past,
 To view the winter corn,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the know,
 Ane glancing in her apron,
 With a bony brent brow.

I said, good morrow, fair maid;
 And she right courteously
 Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
Good day sweet sir, to you.
 I spear'd, my dear, how far awa
 Do ye intend to gae.
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa,
 Out o'er yon broomy brae.

H E.

H E.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
 To have sic company ;
 For I am ganging straight that gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a mile or twain,
 I said, to her my dow,
 May we not lean us on this plain,
 And kiss your bony mou.

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi mistane ;
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle woman's claise :
 For may be I have chosen ane,
 And plighted him my vow,
 Wha may do wi me what he likes,
 And kiss my bony mou.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mair to say :
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the play ;
 And chuse anither will respect
 My love, and on me rew ;
 And let me clasp her round the neck,
 And kiss her bony mou.

S H E.

O sir, ye are proud-hearted,
 And laith to be said nay,
 Else ye wad ne'er a started
 For ought that I did say :

For

For women in their modesty
 At first they winna bow ;
 But if we like your company,
 We'll prove as kind as you.

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard *Mary* say,
 How shall I leave thee ?
 Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me.
 Alas ! my fond heart will break,
 If thou should leave me.
 I'll live and die for thy sake ;
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
 Has *Mary* deceived thee ?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love, that has griev'd thee ;
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me.
 I'll love the lad night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ?
 Can *Mary* thy anguish sooth ?
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee :
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

Bur

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee ?
 O ! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my *Adonis* fly ?
 Why does he grieve me ?
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

Robert Crawford C.

Sleepy Body, drowsy Body.

*S*omnolente,
Quæso repente,
Vigila, vive, me tange.
Somnolente, *quæso*, &c.

Cum me ambiebas,
Videri volebas
Amoris negotiis aptus ;
Sed factus maritus,
Es semisopitus,
Et semper à somnio captus.

O sleepy body,
 And drowsy body,
 O wiltuna waken and turn thee :
 To drivel and drant,
 While I sigh and gaunt,
 Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,
 And snoters and snores far frae me.
 Wae light on thy face,
 Thy drowsy embrace
 Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Q.
General

General Lesly's march to Long-maston moor.

MArch, march,
Why the d— do ye na march!
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order.
Front about ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the *English* border.
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True gospel to maintain.
The parliament blyth to see us a coming,
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae popisb relicts and a' sic innovations,
That a' the warld may see,
There's nane i' the right but we,
Of the auld *Scottisb* nation.
Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the fark of *G o D*;
And the kist fou of whistles,
That make sic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw,
Shall hae them a',
What e'er come on it.
Busk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.

March, march, &c.

Z.



SONG.

To the Tune of, *I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

H E.

A Dieu for a while my native green plains,
My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains,
Dear *Nelly* frae these I'd start easily free,
Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurrys away;
Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reason unhappy, is owing to fate
That gave me a being without an estate,
Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then *Johny* be counsel'd na langer to stray,
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To Fondneis which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,
Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

S O N G.

To the Tune of,

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony bride ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bony marrow ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bride,
 Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow ;
 There will we sport and gather dew,
 Dancing while lavrock sing the morning ;
 There learn frae turtles to prove true ;
 O Bell ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes *Flora* yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hasty lie they flow to *Tweed*,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Hast ye, hast ye, my bony *Bell*,
 Hast to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I safty to my fair,
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bony *Bell*'s consenting.

Corn Riggs are bony. R.

MY *Patie* is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.

His

His shape is handsom, middle size;
 He's stately in his wawking;
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finsyne,
O Corn riggs are bony.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chaftly should be granting;
 Then I'll comply, and mary *Pate*,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bony.

Cromlet's Lilt.

Since all thy vows, false maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd
 To sad despair,
 Into some wilderness,
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel fair.

O

Have

Have I not graven our loves
 On every tree :
 In yonder spreading groves,
 Tho' false thou be :
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy place I'll find,
 Some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind
 E'er entrance had :
 Into that hollow cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlefly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
 I'll drink the spring,
 Cold earth shall be my seat :
 For covering
 I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
 Nor tears for me :
 No grave do I desire,
 Nor obsequies :
 The courteous *red-breast* he
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy,
 With doleful voice.

And

And when a ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee :
 O thou deceitful dame,
 Whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt *Cupid's* dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

X.

S O N G.

We'll a' to Kelso go. 

AN I'll awa to bony *Tweed* side,
 And see my deary come throw,
 And he fall be mine
 Gif sae he incline,
 For I hate to lead *apes* below.

While young and fair,
 I'll make it my care,
 To secure my fell in a jo ;
 I'm no sic a fool
 To let my blood cool,
 And syne gae lead *apes* below.

Few words, bony lad,
 Will eithly perswade,
 Tho' blushing, I daftly say no,
 Gae on with your strain,
 And doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead *apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,
 Do what e'er we can,

O 2

We

We never can thrive or dow :

Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead *apes* below.

Our time is precious,
And Gods are gracious
That beauties upon us bestow ;
'Tis not to be thought,
We got them for nought,
Or to be set up for show.

'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up ye'r coats,
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
Where she that's bony
May catch a *Johny*,
And never lead *apes* below.

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

An Old BALLAD.
by David Mallett. ^x

TWas at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided *Margaret*'s grimly ghost,
And stood at *William*'s feet.

Her face was pale like *April* morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay cold was her lilly hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her

^x Written while he was Janitor of the High School of Edin.

Her bloom was like the springing flour
 That sips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
 Consum'd her early prime :
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
 She dy'd before her time.

Awake ! — she cry'd, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave :
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain,
 And aid the secret fears of night,
 To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath,
 And give me back my maiden-vow,
 And give me back my troth.

How could you say, my face was fair,
 And yet that face forfike ?
 How could you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep ?
 Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
 Yet left these eyes to weep ?

How could you swear, my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale ?
 And why did I, young wifles maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
 These lips no longer red:
 Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
 This winding-sheet I wear:
 And cold and weary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear.

But hark! — the cock has warn'd me hence —
 A long and late adieu!
 Come see, false man! how low she lies,
 That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
 And rais'd her glist'ring head:
 Pale *William* quak'd in every limb;
 Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where *Margaret*'s body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret*'s name,
 And thrice he wept full sore:
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more.

24 these
added by
Ramsay
See Ritornello
Songs. v.2. 204

D. M.

The COMPLAINT.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western cloud was lin'd with gold:
 Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
 The flocks were penn'd within the fold;

When

When in the silence of the grove,
Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,
From the hard rock or oozy beech ?
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach ?
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain,
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since womens hearts are bought and sold ?
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;
When e'er they sigh, they sigh to gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove ; —
Thus I am scorn'd, — who have but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,
What wealth, what riches would suffice ?
Yet *India's* shore could never boast,
The lustre of thy rival eyes :
For there the world too cheap must prove ;
Can I then buy ? — who have but love.

Then, *Mary*, since nor gems, nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more,
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :
Let treasure meaner beauties prove ;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

X.

SONG.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, Montrose's *Lines*.

I Toss and tumble thro' the night,
 And wish th' approaching day,
 Thinking when darkness yields to light,
 I'll banish care away :
 But when the glorious sun doth rise,
 And chear all nature round,
 All thoughts of pleasure in me dies ;
 My cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
 Bereaves me of my rest ;
 My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,
 With care I'm still opprest :
 But had I her within my breast,
 Who gives me so much pain,
 My raptur'd soul would be at rest,
 And softest joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
 Bleſſ'd with fair *Venus'* charms,
 Nor yet the thundring *Jupiter*,
 In fair *Alcmena*'s arms :
 - *Paris* with *Helen*'s beauty bleſſt,
 Wou'd be a jest to me ;
 If of her charms I were posſeſſt,
 Thrice happier I wou'd be.

But since the Gods do not ordain
 Such happy fate for me,
 I dare not 'gainſt their will repine,
 Who rule my destiny.

With

With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,

And cherish up my soul ;

When e'er I think on my lost fair,

I'll drown her in the bowl.

I. H. *Jamaica.*

The D E C E I V E R.

With tuneful pipe, and hearty glee,

Young *Waty* wan my heart ;

A blyther lad ye cou'dna see,

All beauty without art.

His winning tale

Did soon prevail

To gain my fond belief ;

But soon the swain

Gangs o'er the plain,

And leaves me full, and leaves me full,

And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' *Colin* courts with tuneful sang,

Yet few regard his mane ;

The lasses a' 'round *Waty* thrang,

While *Colin*'s left alone :

In *Aberdeen*

Was never seen

A lad that gave sic pain,

He daily woos,

And still pursues,

Till he does all, till he does all,

Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,

Away then does he run,

And hardly will afford a kiss,

To silly me undone :

Bony

Bony *Katy*
Maggie, Beatty,
 Avoid the roving swain ;
 His wily tongue
 Be sure to shun,
 Or you, like me ; or you, like me,
 Like me will be undone.

Z.

Sweet SUSAN.

To the Tune of, Leader-haughs.

I.

THE morn was fair, saft was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing ;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing :
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young *Jamie* sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er tread the grass
 On *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.

II.

How sweet her face, where every grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted ;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein
 That nae perfection wanted.
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But bless my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

III.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.

O bonny

O bonny lass! have but the grace
 To think, e'er ye gae furder,
 Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
 The crying sin of murder.

IV.

My wandring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye ;
 But if you're kind, with joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye.
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all thing joys shall borrow ;
 Thus none shall be more blest than we
 On *Leader-bauchs* and *Yarrow*.

V.

O sweetest *SUE*! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blesses.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossem :
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

Cowdon-knows.

by *Robert Crawford*.

O ubi campi. Virg.

When summer comes, the swains on *Tweed*
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ews and lambkins feed,
 And musick fills the groves.

But

But my lov'd song is then the broom
 So fair on *Cowdon-knows*;
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e're that dwelt on *Tweed*
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of *Leader-haughs* and *Leader-side*,
 Oh! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on *Cowdon-knows*;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not *Tiviot* braes so green and gay
 May with this broom compare,
 Not *Yarrow* banks in flowry *May*,
 Nor the bush aboon *Traquair*.

More pleasing far are *Cowdon-knows*,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ews
 At even among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where *Tweed* with *Tiviot* flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd *Cowdon-knows*.

C.

S A N D Y

S A N D Y and B E T T Y.

by Sir William Bennet of Grubst.^t

Sandy in Edinburgh was born,
As blyth a lad as e'er gade thence:
Betty did Stafford-shire adorn
With all that's lovely to the sense.

Had Sandy still remain'd at hame
He had not blinkt on Betty's smile;
For why he caught the gentle flame
On this side Tweed full many a mile.

She like the fragrant violet
Still flourish'd in her native mead :
He like the stream improving yet
The further from his fountain-head.

The stream must now no further stray;
A fountain fixt by Venus' power
In his clear bosom, to display
The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

When gracious Anna did unite
Two jarring nations into one,
She bade them mutually unite,
And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year
The rose and thistle bear one stem :
The thistle be the rose's spear,
The rose the thistle's diadem.

The queen of Britain's high decree
The queen of love is bound to keep;
Anna the sovereign of the sea,
Venus the daughter of the deep.

W. B.

O D E.

To Mrs. A. R.

'Tune of, *Love's Goddess in a Mirtle Grove.*

NO W spring begins her smiling round,
And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground ;
The birds now lift their cheerful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice :
The lovely *graces* hand in hand
Knit fast in love's eternal band,
With early step, at morning dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where'er the youthful *sisters* move,
They fire the soul to genial love :
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country bride ;
While pleas'd, she hears his artless *Vows*,
Each bird his feather'd consort wooes :
Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show !
With ruby-tinctur'd births shall glow ;
Sweet smells from beds of lillies born
Perfume the breezes of the morn :
The smiling day and dewy night
To rural scenes my fair invite ;
With summer sweets to feast her eye,
Yet soon, soon, will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' instructive show,
Now young and blooming thou appears
All in the flourish of thy years :

The

The lovely bud shall soon disclose
To every eye the blushing rose ;
Now, now the tender stalk is seen
With beauty fresh, and ever green.

But when the sunny hours are past,
Think not the coz'ning scene will last ;
Let not the flatt'rer hope persuade,
Ah ! must I say, that it will fade ?
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay !
Now winter from the frozen north
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains
Fair *Tweda*'s silver stream constrains.
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of *Yare* ;
Behold his foot-steps dire are seen
Confest o'er every with'ring green ;
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
A snowy wreath to cloath each tree.

Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou flyes, displeas'd, the frozen shore,
When thou shall miss the flowers that grew
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade :
Shall I, ah ! horrid ! wilt thou say,
Be like to this some other day ?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the fields is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant sun ;

In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not lose, but change our joy.
Happy ! abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus with witty friends
In smiles the hoary season ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire, and age severe
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,
Ah ! must they ever cease to charm ?
Or is there left some *pleasing art*
To keep secure a captive heart ?
Unhappy love ! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay ;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is't thy famine can prevent ?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare :
Tho' *extasy* with *beauty* flies,
Esteem is born when *beauty* dies,
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee ;
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.



Horace, Book I. Ode 11.

To W. D.

Tune of, Willy was a wanton Wag.

WILL Y ne'er enquire what end
 The Gods for thee or me intend ;
 How vain the search, that but bestows
 The knowledge of our future woes :
 Happier the man that ne'er repines,
 Whatever lot his fate assigns,
 Than they that idly vex their lives
 With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,
 And consecrate thy youth to joy ;
 Whether the fates to thy old score
 Shall bounteous add a winter more,
 Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
 That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,
 No more with *Home* the dance to lead ;
 Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
 That's sacred to the genial hour,
 In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
 And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
 Behold the flying hour is lost,
 For time rides ever on the post,
 Even while we speak, even while we think,
 And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
 And live in youth, while best you may ;
 Have all your pleasures at command,
 Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.

Then *Willy* be a wanton wag,
 If ye wad please the lasses braw,
 At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
 And carry ay the gree awa'.

The Widow. R

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the widow can do ;
 Then have at the widow my ladie.
 With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye mauna be blate ;
 Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my ladie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never a hair
 The har of the wearing, and has a good skair
 Of every thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointure, my ladie.
 What cou'd ye wish better your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the boniest toast in the town,
 With naithing, but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport with the widow, my ladie ?

Then till'er and kill'er with courtesie dead,
 Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead ;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,
 With a bonny gay widow, my ladie.
 Strike iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For fortune ay favourst the active and bauld,
 But ruins the woer that's thowles and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my ladie.

The Highland Lassie. R.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're four and unco sawsy ;
Sae proud, they never can be kind
Like my good humour'd highland lassie.

*O my bony, bony highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bles's my lassie.*

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches motie,
I'd tak my *Katie* but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.

O my bony, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
When e'er I kiss and court my dautie ;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bony, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bony, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word
*Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can weild my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bony, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my

*O my bony, bony highland lassie,
My lovely smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

Jocky blyth and gay.

BLyth *Jocky* young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis summer all the year.

When I and *Jocky* met
First on the flowry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.
You are the lass, said he,
That staw my heart frae me;
O ease me of my pain,
And never shaw disdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth
His love and courtesie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he first spake to me.
His suit I ill deny'd,
He kiss'd, and I comply'd:
Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis night when *Jocky* glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis day.
 When our eyes meet, I pant,
 I colour, sigh and faint ;
 What lass that wad be kind,
 Can better tell her mind ?

Q.

Had away from me, Donald.

O Come away, come away,
 Come away wi' me, *Jenny* ;
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, *Jenny* :
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought fall alter me, *Jenny* ;
 For you're the mistris of my mind,
 What e'er you think of me, *Jenny*.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, *Jenny* ;
 But now, alas ! you aet a part
 That speaks unconstancy, *Jenny*.
 Unconstancy is sic a vice,
 'Tis not befitting thee, *Jenny* ;
 It suits not with your virtue nice
 To carry sae to me, *Jenny*.

Her ANSWER.

O Had away, had away,
 Had away frae me, *Donald* ;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, *Donald* :

Some

Some fickle misstris you may find
 Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald* ;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, *Donald* ;
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, *Donald*.
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald* ;
 For words of falsehood I'll defend,
 A roving love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, *Donald* ;
 Apparent worth and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, *Donald* ;
 But now, the mask fallen aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away from me, *Donald* ;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, *Donald* :
 For I'll reserve my self for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, *Donald* ;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, *Donald*.

D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, *Jenny* ;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

JENNY.

J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, *Donald*;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, *Donald*.

Q.

Todlen butt, and Todlen ben.

When I've a saxpence under my thumb,
 Then I get credit in ilka town:
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
 O! poverty parts good company.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my love come todlen hame.

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
 She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if that her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your mou;
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me.

When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

Z.

The

The Auld Man's Best Argument.

R.

To the Tune of, *Widow are ye wawkin?*

O Wha's that at my chamber-door?

“ Fair widow are ye wawking?”

Auld carle, your suite give o'er,

Your love lyes a' in tawking.

Gi'e me the lad that's young and tight,

Sweet like an *April* meadow;

“ Tis sic as he can bless the fight,

And besom of a widow.

“ O widow, wilt thou let me in,

“ I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,

“ And come of a right gentle kin;

“ I'm little mair than fifty.”

Daft carle dit your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be, — bot youth,

In love you're but a gawky.

“ Then, widow, let these guineas speak,

“ That powerfully plead clinkan,

“ And if they fail my mouth I'll streek,

“ And nae mair love will think on.”

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they make you young, fir,

And ten times better can expreis

Affection, than your tongue, fir.



The

(169)

Indifferent
The *peremptor Lover.*

To the Tune of, John Anderson *my Jo.*

IS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain ;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my breast or brain :
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be
Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind ;
No smoothed sight, nor similing frown,
Can satisfy my mind,
Pray let *Platonicks* play such pranks,
Such follies I deride,
For love, at least, I will have thanks,
And something else beside.

Then open hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let your actions be as free,
As vertue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll constant be ;
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as you.

Since our affections well ye know,
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand,

Q

Dispence

Dispence with your austerity,
 Unconstancy abhor.
 Or, by great *Cupid's* deity,
 I'll never love you more.

Q

What's that to you.

To the Tune of, *The glancing of her Apron.*

MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
 The live lang simmer day,
 'Till we amaist were spoiled
 At making of the hay :
 Her kurchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bony brow,
 I whispered something in her ear ;
 But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of *Kersy* green,
 As tight as ony silk :
 O sic a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk ;
 Her hair was black as ane cou'd wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou,
 O ! *Jeany* daintylie can kiss ;
 But what's that to you ?

The rose and lilly baith combine,
 To make my *Jeany* fair,
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaist nae care ;
 Only I fear my *Jeany's* face,
 May cause mae men to rew,
 And that may gar me say, alas !
 But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties, if thou can
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful heart shall swear,
 For ever to be true.

King *Solomon* had wives anew,
 And mony a concubine ;
 But I enjoy a bless mair true,
 His joys were short of mine ;
 And *Jeany*'s happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due,
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you ?

Q.

S O N G.

To the absent *FLORINDA*.To the Tune of, *Queen of Sheba's March*.

Come, *Florinda*, lovely charmer,
 Come and fix this wav'ring heart ;
 Let those eyes my soul rekindle,
 Ere I feel some foreign dart.

Come and with thy smiles secure me,
 If this heart be worth thy care,
 Favoured by my dear *Florinda*,
 I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breast assail;
Come and take me to thy bosom,
Ere my constant passion fail.

Come and, like the radiant morning,
On my soul serenely shine,
Then those glimmering stars shall vanish,
Lost in splendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleasing pain,
Come, and with an equal passion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,
If our souls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal SONG.

To the Tune of, *And Sir Symon the King.*

Come here's to the nymph that I love!
Away ye vain sorrows, away :
Far, far from my bosom be gone,
All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
Come fill up the glasses around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

*Tis

‘Tis done, and my fancy’s exulting
 With every gay blooming desire,
 My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
 Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,
 Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
 I’d clasp her, I’d clasp her so eager,
 Of all her disdain, I’d disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here
 With his troops of vain cares in array,
 Avaunt idle pensive intruder, —
 He triumphs he will not away.

I’ll drown him, come give me a bumper;
 Young *Cupid*, here’s to thy confusion.—
 Now, now, he’s departing, he’s vanquish’d,
Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly God *Bacchus*, here’s to thee;
 Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
 Sing Iδ, sing Iδ to *Bacchus* —
 Hence all ye dull thinkers withdraw.

Come, what shou’d we do but be jovial,
 Come tune up your voices and sing;
 What soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When wine set’s our fancies on wing.

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this bottle,
 He’ll mount us, he’ll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,
 Sublime we’ll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
In seas of wide Æther I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are sailing,
I see the spheres whirling aroind.

What darknes, what ratling is this,
Thro' Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now, — oh my head it is knockt,
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a star,
Where am I? — behold the *Empyreum*,
With flaming light streaming from far.

I. W. Q.

To Mrs. A. C.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *All in the Downs.*

When beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the lark with rising light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.

The morning shines, harmonious birds mount hy;
The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
The inspir'd thought, and softest lays,
And kindle in the breast a flame,
Which must be vented in her praise.

Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an angle tread the green.

Ye

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
 When she appears, take the alarm :
 Love on her beauty points his darts,
 And wings an arrow from each charm.
 Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
 And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove;
 When such enchanting sweetnes shines,
 The wounded swain must yield to love,
 And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
 Such flames the foppish butterfly shou'd shun;
 The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly fair;
 Her lovely features are compleat;
 Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share
 With angels all that's wise and sweet.
 These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
 Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
 Or sparkle in the airy town,
 O ! happy he her favour gains,
 Unhappy ! if she on him frown.
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

A Pastoral Song.

To the Tune of, *My Apron, Deary.*

J A M I E.

W^Hile our flocks are a feeding,
 And we're void of care,
 Come, *Sandy*, let's tune,
 To praise of the fair : For,

For, inspir'd by my *Susie*,
 I'll sing in such lays,
 That *Pan*, where he judge,
 Must allow me the bays.

S A N D Y.

While under this hawthorn
 We ly at our ease,
 By a musical stream,
 And refresh'd by the breeze
 Of a zephyr so gentle,
 Yes, *Jamie*, I'll try
 For to match you and *Susie*,
 Dear *Katie* and I.

J A M I E.

Oh! my *Susie* so lovely,
 She's without compare,
 She's so comely, so good,
 And so charmingly fair:
 Sure, the Gods were at pains,
 To make so compleat
 A nymph, that for love
 There was ne'er one so meet.

S A N D Y.

Oh! my *Katie* so bright,
 She's so witty and gay;
 Love, join'd with the graces,
 Around her looks play.
 In her mein she's so graceful,
 In her humour so free:
 Sure the Gods never fram'd
 A maid fairer than she.

J A M I E.

Had my *Susie* been there,
 When the *shepherd* declar'd
 For the lady of *Lemnos*,
 She had lost his regard : And,

And, o'ercome by a presence
 More beauteously bright,
 He had own'd her undone,
 As the darkness by light.

S A N D Y.

Not fair *Helen of Greece*,
 Nor all the whole train,
 Either of real beauties,
 Or those poets feign,
 Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,
 Whose every sweet charm,
 May conquer best judges,
 And coldest hearts warm.

J A M I E.

Neither riches or honour,
 Or any thing great,
 Do I ask of the Gods;
 But that this be my fate,
 That my *Susie* to all
 My kind wishes comply :
 For with her wou'd I live,
 And with her I wou'd die.

S A N D Y.

If the fates give me *Katie*,
 And her I enjoy,
 I have all my desires ;
 Nought can me annoy :
 For my charmer has every
 Delight in such store,
 She'll make me more happy,
 Than swain e'er before.

Love will find out the Way.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves;
Over floods that are deepest,
Which do *Neptune* obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to ly;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Left herself fast she lay:
But if love come, he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child in his force;
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse:
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind:
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
He will find out the way.

You

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phoenix of the east ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey :
 But you'll never stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Thro' the wood laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the first of sweet may,
 Beneath a steep mountain,
 Beside a clear fountain,
 I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
 Whilst the *Echo* resounded the dolorous lay.

I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
 With aspect distressed,
 And spirits oppressed,
 Seem'd clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,
 And thus he discover'd how he strave with his pain.

Tho' *Elisa* be coy, why should I repine,
 That a maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me ?
 In her high sphere of worth I never could shine ;
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine ?

No : henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,
 And, in due subjection,
 Retain warm affection ;
 To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,
 And that no other swain can more humbly admire.
 When

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
 Then quiet returning,
 Shall hush my sad mourning ;
 And, lord of my self, in absolute rest,
 I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmixt, and wholly refin'd,
 May still be respected,
 Tho' love is rejected :
Elisa shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
 That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo,
 With prosp'rous endeavour,
 And gain her dear favour,
 Know as well as I, what tⁱ *Elisa* is due,
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,
 Sweet liberty tasting,
 On calmest peace feasting,
 Employing my reason to dry up my tears,
 In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years.

Ye powers that preside o'er virtuous love,
 Come aid me with patience,
 To bear my vexations ;
 With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,
 With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
 May courage protect me,
 And prudence direct me :
 Prepar'd for all fates, rememb'reng the swain,
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

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The Country Wedding

R O B ' S J O C K. [A very auld Ballat.]

R O B ' S J O C K came to woo our *Jenny*,
On ae feast-day when we were fou' ;
She brankit fast and made her bonny,
And said, *Jock*, come ye here to woo ?
She burnist her baith breast and brou',
And made her cleer as ony clock ;
Then spak her dame, and said, I trou
Ye come till woo our *Jenny*, *Jock*.

Jock said, forsuith, I yern fu' fain,
To luk my head, and sit down by you :
Then spak her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.
Tehie ! qo *Jenny*, kick, kick, I see you :
Minny, you man maks but a mock.
Deil hae the liars — fu leis me o' you,
I come to woo your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*.

My bairn has tocher of her awin ;
A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
A stirk, a staig, and acre sawin,
Bakbread and a bannock-stane ;
A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
A kame but and a kaming-stock ;
With coags and luggies nine or ten :
Come ye to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock* ?

A wecht, a peet-creel and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
A milsie, and sownen-pale,
A rousty whittle to sheer the kail,
And a timber-mell the bear to knock,
Twa shelv's made of an auld fir-dale ;
Come ye to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock* ?

R

A

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
 A tub, a barrow, and a seck,
 A spurtill-braid, and an elwand.
 Then *Jock* took *Jenny* be the hand,
 And cry'd, a feast! and slew a cock,
 And made a brydal upo' land.
 Now I have got your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*.

Now dame, I have your daughter marri'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er fae tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
 Its well kend I have gear enough:
 Ane auld gawd gloyd fell owre a heugh,
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
 Withouten owsen I have a pleugh:
 May that no ser your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*?

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
 Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,
 A graith that ganes to coble shoon,
 And a thrawcruik to twyne a teather,
 Twa croks that moup amang the heather,
 A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,
 A tugh purse made of a swine's blather,
 To had your tocher, *Jenny*, qo *Jock*.

Good elding for our winter fire,
 A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
 A rake of iron to clat the bire,
 A deuk about the dubs to padle,
 The pannel of an auld led-sadle,
 And *Rob* my eem hecht me a flock,
 Twa lusty lips to lick a ladle.
 May thir no gane your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*?

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
 And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
 A sark made of the linkome twine,
 A gay green cloke that will ~~not~~ stenzie ;
 Mair yet in store — I needna fenzie,
 Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock ;
 And are not thae a wakrise menzie,
 To gae to bed with *Jenny and Jock* ?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well knawin I am weel bodin :
 Ye need not say my part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The wife speerd gin the kail was sodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the brok ;
 The rost was teugh as raploch hodin,
 With which they feasted *Jenny and Jock*. Z.

S O N G. R.

To the Tune of, *A Rock and a wee pickle Twa*.

I Have a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land and planting on't,
 It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has stow'd ;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't :
 To grace it, and trace it,
 And gie me delight ;
 To bles me, and kis me,
 And comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang fauntring on't.

My *Christy* she's charming and good as she's fair ;
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gie despair :
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.

Thou fairest, and dearest,
 Delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces
 By heaven were design'd,
 For happiest transports, and blesses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny *Christy*, my shepherds and hynds,
 Shall carefully make the years dainties thine :
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then hear me, and chear me,
 With smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *content*,
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

S O N G.

To its ain Tyme.

Altho' I be but a country lass,
 Yet a lofty mind I bear — O,
 And think my self as good as those
 That rich apparel wear — O.
 Altho' my gown be hame spun gray,
 My skin it is as saft — O,
 As them that satin weeds do wear,
 And carry their heads aloft — O.

What tho' I keep my father's sheep ?
 The thing that must be done — O,
 With garlands of the finest flowers,
 To shade me frae the sun — O.

When

When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where grass and flowers do spring — O,
 Then on a flowrie bank at noon,
 I set me down and sing — O.

My *Paisly* piggy, cork'd with sage,
 Contains my drink but thin — O:
 No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
 Or tempt my mind to sin — O,
 My country curds, and wooden spoon,
 I think them unco fine — O,
 And on a flowry bank, at noon,
 I set me down and dine — O.

Altho' my parents cannot raise
 Great bags of shining gold — O,
 Like them whase daughters, now a days,
 Like swine are bought and sold — O;
 Yet my fair body it shall keep
 An honest heart within — O,
 And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
 I value not a prin — O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
 Nor chains about my neck — O,
 Nor shining rings upon my hands,
 My fingers straight to deck — O;
 But for that lad to me shall fa',
 And I have grace to wed — O,
 I'll keep a jewel worth them a'
 I mean my maidenhead — O.

If canny fortune give to me,
 The man I dearly love — O,
 Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
 My hands I can improve — O.

Expecting for a blessing still,
 Descending from above — O,
 Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,
 Repeating tales of love — O.

Z.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brac,
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my love wont to gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the morning dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint *Anton*'s well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am weary.

•Tis

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by *Glasgow town*,
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My love was cled in the black velvet.
 And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'll never be.

Z.

The Loving Lass and Spinning-wheel.

AS I set at my spinning-wheel,
 A bony lad was patting by :
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For trouth he had a glancing eye.
 My heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear ;
 And round about my slender wast
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
 To kiss my hand, syne down did kneel,
 As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers lang and small,

And

And said, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.

These words into my heart did steel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But still declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded fair :

That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my spinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead :

My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd, rise my bony maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee berter wark to do.

In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alone my spinuind-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bony lad I lay ;
What lassie, young and saft as I,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny ?

These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpast the spinning-wheel.



This not in the 1st Edit

On the Marriage of the R. H. L. G-- and L. K--C--.

A S O N G. R.

To the Tune of, The Highland Laddie.

Brigantius.

Now all thy virgin-sweets are mine,
And all the shining charms that grace thee ;
My fair *Melinda* come recline
Upon my breast, while I embrace thee,
And tell without dissembling art,
My happy raptures on thy bosom :
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that shall for ever blossom.

Chorus.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the Gods well pleas'd behold ye ;
Their work admire, so great, so fair,
And well in all your joys uphold ye.

Melinda.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in transport tender,
Since that so brave a man is mine,
To my *Brigantius* I surrender.
By sacred ties I'm now to move,
As thy exalted thoughts direct me ;
And while my smiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatness shall protect me.

Chorus.

O the happy, &c.

Brigantius.

Brigantius.

Soft fall thy words, like morning-dew,
 New life on blowing flowers bestowing:
 Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
 To heaven, with spirit grateful glowing.
 My honour, courage, wealth and wit,
 Thou dear delight, my chieftest treasure,
 Shall be employed as thou thinks fit,
 As agents for our love and pleasure.

Chorus.

O the happy, &c.

Melinda.

With my *Brigantius* I could live
 In lonely cotts, beside a mountain,
 And nature's easy wants relieve,
 With shepherds fare, and quaf the fountain.
 What pleases thee, the rural grove,
 Or congress of the fair and witty,
 Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
 In plains retir'd or social city.

Chorus.

O the happy, &c.

Brigantius.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
 O lovely sum of my desires!
 Thy beauties all my cares controul,
 Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
 Tune every instrument of sound,
 Which all the mind divinely raises,
 Till every height and dale rebounds,
 Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

Chorus.

O the happy, &c.

Melinda.

Melinda.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
 My happiness is now completed,
 Since all that's generous, great and fine,
 In my *Brigantius* is united ;
 For which I'll study thy delight,
 With kindly tale the time beguiling,
 And round the change of day and night ;
 Fix throughout life a constant smiling.

Chorus.

O the happy, &c.

S O N G.

By W. Hamilton of Bangour.

To the Tune of, *Woes my heart that we shou'd funder.*

A Dieu ye pleasant sports and plays,
 Farewell each song that was diverting ;
 Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
 I sing of *Delia* and *Damon*'s parting.

Long had he low'd, and long conceal'd
 The dear tormenting pleasant passion,
 Till *Delia*'s mildness had prevail'd
 On him to shew his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give
 A patient ear to his love story,
Damon must his *Delia* leave,
 To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half spoken words hung on his tongue,
 Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting ;
 And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
 These charming sounds were chang'd to weeping.
 Dear

Dear idol of my soul, adieu :
 Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
 While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
 No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas ! who knows, when parted far
 From *Delia*, but you may deceive her ?
 The thought destroys my heart with care,
 Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
 May then my guardian-angel leave me :
 And more to aggravate my woes,
 Be you so good as to forgive me.

H.

O'er the hills and far away.

Jocky met with *Jenny* fair,
 Aft be the dawning of the day ;
 But *Jocky* now is fu' of care,
 Since *Jenny* staw his heart away :
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has alake ! unkind ;
 Which gars poor *Jocky* aften rue,
 That he e'er Ico'd a fickle mind.
 And *its o'er the hills and far away.*
Its o'er the hills and far away,
Its o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bonny lad,
 As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair ;
 But now, poor man, he's e'n gane wood,
 Since *Jenny* has gart him despair.
 Young *Jocky* was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young ;

But

But a' the springs that he cou'd play,
 Was o'er the hills and far away,
 And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung — when first my *Jenny's* face
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now alas! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter-wind.
 And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief:
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care;
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love,
 With ane that does sae faithless prove.
 Hard was my fate to court a maid,
 That has my constant heart betray'd.
 A thousand times to me she sware,
 She wad be true for evermair;
 But, to my grief, alake, I say,
 She staw my heart and ran away,
 And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her sake,
 And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
 I'll fighing sing, adieu to love,

Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more ;
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,

*O'er hills and dales and far away,
 Out o'er the hills and far away,
 Out o'er the hills and far away,
 The wind has blawn my plaid away.*

Z.

J ENNY NETTLES. R.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
 Coming frae the market ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 Her fee and bountith in her lap ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 And a babie in her oxter.

I met ayont the kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattle's bastard ;
 To flee the dool upo' the stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks *Robin* out,
 To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy ! *Robin Rattle,*
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
 Fy, fy ! *Robin Rattle,*
 Use *Jenny Nettles* kindly :
 Score out the blame, and shum the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Take hame your wain, make *Jenny* fain,
 The leel and leesome gate o't.

Jocky's

Jocky's fou and Jenny's fain.

*J*ocky fou, Jenny fain,
 Jenny was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me love at ony price ;
 I winna prig for red or whyt,
 Love alone can gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that ;
 Give me love, for her I court :
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
 Common motives lang sinsyne,
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat but appetite
 That makes our eating a delyt ;
 Beauty is at best deceit ;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Q.

It is here corrected, and supplied, in M.S. from a copy of the Old Ballad printed in black letter in the 17th century.

Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

[Altered by Ramsay, from the Old Ballad.]

When Phœbus bright, the azure skies
 With golden rays enlightneth,
 He makes all nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees and flowers he quickneth :

S 2

^{plants}
Amongst

^{These things sublunar he copies,}

Among~~R~~ all those he makes his choice,
 And with delight goes thorow,^{gladly goes he}
 With radient beams and silver streams,
 Through ~~Are~~ Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

2 When *Aries* the day and night
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,^{the}
 Nae langer he abideth:
 Then *Flora* queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres* sell,
 In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

3 Pan playing on his aiten reed,
 With And shepherds him attending,
 Doth Do here resort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haughs commanding;
 With cur and kent upon the bent, ^{a bottle, bag, and staff with knag,}
 Sing to the sun good Morrow, ^{And all Singing}
 They And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
 Than Leader haughs and Yarrow.

4 An house their stands on *Leader* side,
 Surmounting my descriving,
 With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
 Like *Dedalus*' contriving:
 Men passing by, do often cry,^{say}
 In sooth it hath nae marrow;
 It stands as sweet on *Leader* side,^{has}
 As Newark does on *Yarrow*.^{fair}

5 A mile below wha lifts to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing;
 Into St. *Leonard*'s banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'er hinging:

The

The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

*tender**do*

6 The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wing she sporteth,
 But vows she'll flee far frae the tree
 Where *Philomel* resorteth:
 By break of day, the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good Morrow,
 I'll streek my wing, and mounting sing, *your and yell, for I may dwell,*
 In O'er Leader Haughs and *Yarrow*.

not come near

7 Park, *Wantan-waws*, and *Wooden-cleugh*,
 The east and western *Mainses*,
 The *weed* of *Lauder*'s fair enough,
 The corns are good in *Blainsies*,
 Where aits are fine, and said be kind,
 That if ye search all thorow,
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are,
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

forest
Blainsies

8 In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Whitblade shaws*,
 The fearful hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and *Braidwood/beil* she knaws,
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth:
 Yet when she irks, to *Kaidly birks*
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

9 What sweeter musick wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying?
 The ~~started~~ hare rins hard with fear, *hare waits not, but flees for*
 Upon her speed-relying. *Their hard pursuit defying:*

But yet her strength, it fails at length,
Nae beilding can she borrow

In Sorrel's field, Cleckman or Haggis,-

But longs And sighs to be ~~in~~ ^{at} Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, ^{Rival, Aymer,} Spotsy, Shag,

With sight and scent pursue her, Still thinking for to view
Till ah! her pith begins to flag, But O, to fail her strength begins
Nae cunning can rescue her.

O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke.

She'll rin the fields all thorow,

Till fail'd she fa's in Leader Haughs, Yet ends her dayes
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Thou Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,

Where Homes had anes commanding;

And Drygrange with thy milkwhite ews,

'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:

The bird that flees throw Reedpath trees,

And Gledswood banks ^{ilk merrow,} all thorow

May chant and sing, sweet Leader Haughs,

And bonny howms of Yarrow. ^{banks}

But minstrel Burn cannot asswage ^{his grief}

His grief, while life endureth, ^{Whileas his dayes}

To see the changes of this age,

That fleeting time procureth; ^{Which day and}

For mony a place stands in hard case,

Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow, ^{Burns were blyth before}

With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,

And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.



The Words of Burn the Violer

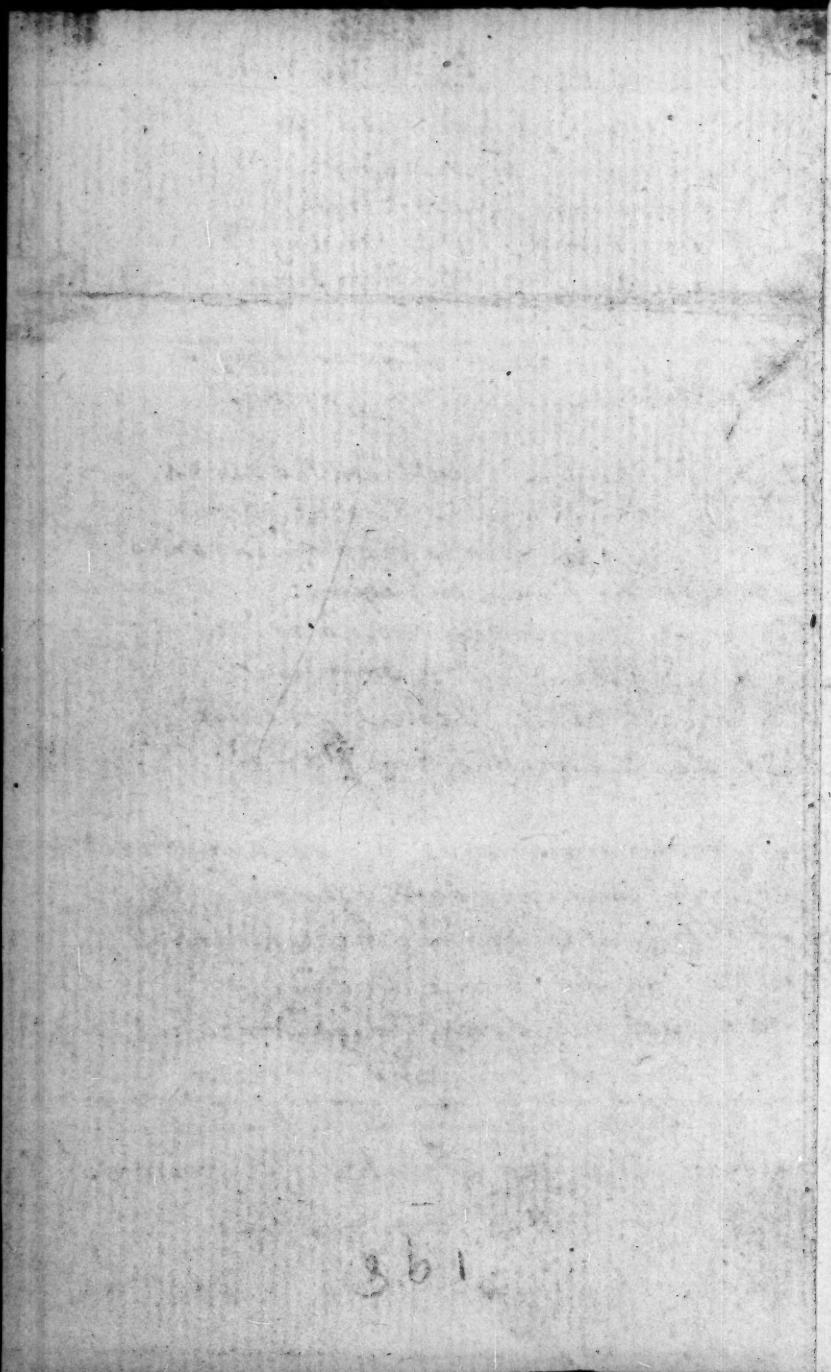
What? shall my Viol silent be,
Or leave her wonted seriding?
But choise some sadder Elegie,
Not sports and Mirths deriding:
It must be faine with lower strain,
Than it was wont before,
To sound the praise of Leader haughs,
And the bony banks of Yarrow.

But Floods has overflown the banks,
The greenish haughs disgracing,
And trees in Woods grow thin in ranks
About the fields defacing:
For Waters waxes, Woods do waind;
More, if I could for sorrow,
In rural verse, I could rehearse,
Of Leader haughs and Yarrow.

But sighs, and sobs, ouerset my breath,
Sore saltish tears forth sending;
All things sublunar, here on earth,
Are subject to ane ending;
So must my Song, though somewhat long;
Yet late at even and morrow,
I'll sigh and sing sweet Leader haughs
And the bony banks of Yarrow.

Hic terminus haret

Finis.



For the sake of Somebody. *R.*

FO-R the sake of somebody,
For the sake of somebody
I cou'd wake a winter-night,
For the sake of somebody :
I am gawn to seek a wife,
I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;
I have three stane of woo,
Carling, is thy daughter ready ?
For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassy, say't thy sell,
Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte and syne come too ;
What signifies a mither's gloom,
When love and kisses come in play ?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in summer mak nae hay ?
For the sake, &c.

S H E.

Bony lad, I carena by,
Tho' I try my luck with thee,
Since ye are content to tye
The-haff mark bridal band wi' me ;
I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
And steal on linnings fair and clean,
Syne at the trysting place we'll meet,
To do but what my dame has done.
For the sake, &c.

H E.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives
Consent in sick a heartsome gate,
It me frae a my care relieves,
And doubts that gart me aft look blate ;

Then

Then let us gang and get the grace,
 For they that have an apetite
 Shou'd eat; — and lovers shou'd embrace;
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte,
For the sake, &c.

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A Southland *Jenny* that was right bony,
 Had for a suitor a norland *Jocky*;
 But he was sican a bashfu' wooer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,
 Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o'er filler,
 Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the march, and marry.

S H E.

Come, come away, then my norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy;
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money
 Come and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

H E.

Ye lasses of the south, ye'r a for dressing;
 Lasses of the north, mind milking and threshing;
 My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my dady,
 Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
 For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morning,
 Cradle a' the milk, and keep the house a scaulding,
 Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
 A norland *Jocky* maun hae a norland *Jenny*.

S H E.

My father's only daughter and twenty thousand pound,
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly clown;
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye.
 Gae hame ye norland *Jocky*, and court your norland
Jenny.

Z.

The auld yellow hair'd Laddie

THE yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
Crys, milk the ews lafzy, let nane of them gae,
And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claiting it thin ;
The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in ;
They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
O yellow hair'd laddie, be kind to me :
They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, *Jenny, come ben,*
The Cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sour,
I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae haff hour ;
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, Booth's *Minuet.*

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a prize,
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes :
From crowds whom at your feet you see,
Oh ! pity, and distinguish me.

No graces can your form improve ;
But all are lost unless you love :
If that dear passion you disdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain.

X.

Part

*Part of an EPILOGUE sung after the acting of the
Orphan and Gentle Shepherd in Taylor's hall, by a
Set of young Gentlemen, January 22, 1729.*

Tune, Bessy Bell.

THUS let us study night and day,
To fit us for our station,
That when we're men we parts may play
Are useful to our nation.
For now's the time, when we are young
To fix our views on merit,
Water its buds, and make the tongue
And action suite the spirit.

This all the fair and wise approve,
We know it by your smiling,
And while we gain respect and love,
Our studies are not toiling.
Such application gives delight,
And in the end proves gainful,
Tho' many a dark and lifeless wight,
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
And care, when thus employed,
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
When youth's by sloth destroyed;
'Tis only active souls can rise
To fame and all that's splendid,
And favour in these conquering eyes,
'Gainst whom no heart's defended.



The

The Generous Gentleman, a S A N G.

To the Tune of, *The bonny Lass of Branksome.*

AS I came in by *Tiviot-side*,
 And by the braes of *Branksome*,
 There first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet and handsom;
 Her skin was fairer than the down,
 And white as alabastr;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown;
 In straightness nane surpast her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising:
 Nae silken hose, with gooshets fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her fair leg, forbad to shine,
 Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her claiting;
 Even these o'er mickle; — mair delyte
 She'd given cled wi naithing:
 She lean'd upon a flowry brae,
 By which a burny trotted:
 On her I glowr'd my faul away,
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert,
 Before had scarce alarm'd me.
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,
 And bot designing, charm'd me.

Hurry'd

Hurry'd by love close to my breast,
 I grasp'd this fund of blishes;
 Wha smil'd, and said, without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I coudna want her;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 Of her's pled, I should grant her.
 Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the kirk I led her,
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
 Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
 Contemns the glory of a crown,
 And in his safe retreat,
 Is pleased with his low degree,
 Is rich in decent Poverty,
 From strife from care and bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great?

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
 He fears no danger of the deep,
 Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
 Vexation on his mind:
 No Trumpets rouze him to the war,
 No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
 From state intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
 He labours gently to adorn
 His small paternal fields of corn,
 And on their product feeds :
 Each season of the wheeling year,
 Industrious he improves with care ;
 And still some ripened fruits appear,
 So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
 And angles with his baits and flies,
 And next the silvan scene he tries,
 His spirits to regal :
 Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard :
 He's fond to feel the zephyr's breez,
 To plant and sneed his tender trees ;
 And for attending well his bees,
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flowry meads, and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds on blooming groves,
 Afford a wish'd delight :
 But O ! how pleasant is this life ?
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And children pratling, void of strife,
 Around his fire at night.

X.

T

Willy

Willy was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa :
His doublet was of *Zetland* shag,
And wow ! but *Willy* he was braw,
And at his shouder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw ;
And ay whatever *Willy* said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-shaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth gowd ?
He wan the love of great and sma' ;
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na *Willy* a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair ;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then

Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring ;
 But, shame light on his souple snout,
 He wanted *Willy*'s wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing *Willy*'s shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like *Willy* ye advance ;
 (O! *Willy* has a wanton leg)
 For we't he learns us a' to steer,
 And formast ay bears up the ring ;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want *Willy*'s wanton fling.

WW.

W.M. Walkinshaw.

**CLELIA's Reflections on her self for slighting
Philander's Love:**

To the Tune of, *The Gallant Shoe-maker.*

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me lang,
 But I was peevish, and forbad him,
 I wadna tent his loving sang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :
 Ilk morning when I view my glas,
 Then I perceive my beauty going;
 And when the wrinkles seize the face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying ;
 My cheeks, which coral like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying :

T 2

Ah!

Ah ! we may see our selves to be
 Like summer fruit that is unshaken,
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time, ye virgins fair,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil ;
 Fifteen is a season rare,
 But five and twenty is the devil.
 Just when ripe, content unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;
 Women are like other fruit,
 They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regained ;
 Which now I may tell to my cost,
 Tho' but my fell name can be blamed :
 If then your fortune you respect,
 Take the occasion when it offers ;
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,
 Lest ye be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions, thought
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing ;
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,
 And let na coyness prove your ruin ;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your suiters will give over wooing.

Then maidens auld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
 As lang as life ; and when ye die,
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd :

A punishment, and hated brand,
 With which none of us are contented;
 Then be not wise behind the hand,
 That the mistake may be prevented.

*The young Ladies Thanks to the Repenting Virgin, for her
 seasonable Advice.*

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
 How many many thanks we owe you,
 For pointing out to us sae well,
 These very rocks that did o'erthrew you;
 And we your lesson sae shall mind,
 That e'en tho' a' our kin had swore it,
 E'er we shall be an hour behind,
 We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blow in our sails,
 And still keep out our flag and pinnet;
 If young *Philander* anes assails
 To storm love's fort then he shall win it:
 We may indeed for modesty,
 Present our forces for resistance;
 But we shall quickly lay them by,
 And contribute to his assistance.

The Step Daughter's Relief. *R.*

To the Tune of, The Kirk wad let me be.

I Was anes a well tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me;
 But now I'm brought to a poor paiss,
 My step-dame has gart them flee.

My father he's often frae hame,
 And she plays the deel with his gear;
 She neither has lateth nor shame,
 And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy fac'd, thrifless and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, haf naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine:
 But soon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free,
 My poortooth to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bonay lass tenderly,
 I'll take thee, sweet *May*, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
 'Tis only your fell that I want,
 Your kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your step-mother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, its true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird;
 But I have milk-cattle enow,
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard,
 Ye fall have naithing to fash ye,
 Six servants fall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
 Not thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented; — while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.

And

And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
 That makes her good-wife at hame.

Jeany, where hast thou been.

O *Jeany, Jeany, where has thou been ?*
 Father and mother are seeking of thee.
 Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
 Keeping of *Jocky* company.
O *Betty, I've been to hear the mill clack,*
 Getting meal ground for the family,
As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha ! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
 The miller's a wanton billy, and flee,
 Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what reck,
 I fear he has taken his mowter off thee.
And Betty, ye spread your linnen to bleech,
When that was done, where cou'd you be ?
Ha ! lass I faw ye slip down the hedge,
And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk ;
 But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be ?
 Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing clerk came w'ye.
 O silly lassie, what will thou do ?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
Look to your sell, if Jock prove true :
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

Q.

SONG.

SONG.

To the Tune of, *Last time I came o'er the moor.*

VE blythest lads, and lasses gay,
Hear what my sang discloses.
As I ae morning sleeping lay,
Upon a bank of roses,
Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to spy me;
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And saftly set down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But with a frown my face disuis'd
And strave away to send him:
But fondly he still nearer prest,
And by my side down lying,
His beating heart thumped sae fast,
I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
And angry passion feigning,
I aften roughly shot him by,
With words full of disdaining.
Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much discontented;
But I in truth for a' my sins,
Ne'er haf sae fair repented.

X.



The

2703

The Cock Laird. R.

A Cock laird fou cadgie,
With *Jenny* did meet,
He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.

Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, *Jenny, Jenny*?
Thouse be my ain lemmane,
Jo *Jenny*, quoth he.

If I gae alang w'ye,
Ye maunna fail,
To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearlimg set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a wastcoat of broun.
Awa with sick vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O *Jenny, Jenny*,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The

The borrowstoun merchants
 Will sell ye on tick,
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Abeit they soud break.
 When broken, frae care
 The fools are set free,
 When we make them lairds
 In the abbey, quoth she.

The Soger Laddie. R.

MY soger laddie
 Is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold
 And money to me ;
 And when he comes hame,
 He'll make me a lady,
 My blessing gang with
 My soger laddie.

My doughty laddie
 Is handsome and brave,
 And can as a soger
 And lover behave ;
 True to his country,
 To love he is steady,
 There's few to compare
 With my soger laddie.

Shield him ye angels,
 Frae death in alarms,
 Return him with lawrels
 To my langing arms.
 Syne frae all my care
 Ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes
 My soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours
 Bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must,
 If he get his due:
 For in noble actions
 His courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight
 In my sofer laddie.

The ARCHERS March.

Sound, sound the musick, sound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it :
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery :
 Its origin divine is,
 The practice brave and fine is,
 Which generously inclines us
 To guard our liberty.

Art by the Gods employed,
 By which heroes enjoyed,
 By which heroes enjoyed
 The wreaths of victory.
 The deity of *Parnassus*,
 The God of soft caresses,
 Chaste *Cynthia* and her lasses,
 Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended !
 'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,
 'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,
 O'er clouds on high is glows.
 All nations, *Turks* and *Parthians*,
 The *Tartars* and the *Scythians*,
 The *Arabs*, *Moors* and *Indians*,
 With bravery draw their bows.

Our

Our own true records tell us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us,
 In martial archery :
 With shafts our sires engaging,
 Oppos'd the *Romans* raging,
 Defeat the fierce *Norwegian*,
 And spared few *Danes* to flee.

Witness *Largs* and *Loncartie*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemmy*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemmy*,
Rosline and *Bannockburn*,
 The *Chiviot* — all the border,
 Where bowmen in brave order,
 Told enemies, if furder
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound,

Largs, where the *Norwegians*, headed by their valiant King *Haco*, were in *Anno 1263*, totally defeat by *ALEXANDER III.* king of *Scots*; the heroick *ALEXANDER*, great-steward of *Scotland*, commanded the right wing.

Loncartie, near *Perth*, where king *KENNETH III.* obtained the victory over the *Danes*, which was principally owing to the valour and resolution of the first brave *Hay*, and his two sons.

Dunkel, here, and in *Kyle*, and on the banks of *Tay*, our great king *CORBREDUS GALDUS* in three battles overthrew 30000 *Romans* in the reign of the emperor *Domitian*.

Aberlemmy, four miles from *Brechin*, where king *MALCOLM II.* obtained a glorious victory over the united armies of *Danes*, *Norwegians* and *Cumbrians*, &c. commanded by *SUENO* king of *Denmark*, and his warlike son prince *CANUTE*.

Rosline, within five miles south of *Edinburgh*, where 10000 *Scots*, led by sir *JOHN CUMIN* and sir *SIMON FRAZER*, defeat in three battles in one day 30000 of their enemies, *Anno 1303*.

The battles of *Bannockburn* and *Chiviot*, &c. are so well known, that they require no notes.

Sound, sound the musick, sound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery.

Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,
 And throws off all diseases
 Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 With healthful harmony :
 The sun in glory glowing,
 With morning dew bestowing,
 Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
 To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 That in just thoughts agree,
 Appear in antient bravery,
 Despising all base knavery,
 Which tends to bring in slavery,
 Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, sound the musick, sound it,
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Health and prosperity,
 To our great CHIEF and Officers,
 To our President and Counsellors :
 To all who like their brave forbears,
 Delight in archery.

The following SONGS to be sung in their proper Places on the acting of the *Gentle Shepherd*, at each the page marked where they come in.

SANG I. *The wawking of the faulds.* *R.*

Sung by Patie, Page I.

MY *Peggy* is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as *May*,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alone.
I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld.
And naithing gi'es me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest, it is confess'd,
Ey a' the rest, that she sings best.

My

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II. *Fy gar rub her o'er with straws.* R.

Sung by Patie, p. 6.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight :
 But them dispise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse — then be not blate,
 Push banldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean ;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue ;
 But tent the language of their een :
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III. *Polwart on the Green.* R.

Sung by Peggy, p. 10.

THE dory will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld :

The dawted bairn thus takes the peat,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave,
 They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by it sell abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV. *O dear Mother, what shall I do?*

Sung by Jenny, p. 11.

R

O Dear Peggy love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling,
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betyde you.
 Lasses when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married ;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG V. *How can I be sad on my Wedding-Day.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 12.

R

HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than any of thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools
 To sink their aia joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

SANG.

SANG VI. *Nansy's to the Green Wood gane.*

R.

Sung by Jenny, p. 15.

I Yield, dear lassie, you have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying ;
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fac,
 That by the heart-strings leads us.

SANG VII. *Cald Kale in Aberdeen.*

R.

Sung by Glaud or Symon, p. 18.

CAULD be the rebel's cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high his station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king and nation.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's Byer.*

R.

Sung by Symon, p. 19.

THE laird who in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
 To rise aboon poverty :

U 2

Else

Else like the pack horse that's unforther'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

S A N G I X. *Carle and the king come.*

Sung by Mause, p. 24.

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies thou shalt milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

S A N G X. *Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin.*

Sung by Peggy and Patie, p. 30.

P E G G Y.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first feyd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

(bells)

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew herher-
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, bri'er, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly, gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can put, wrestle or run swift as thee.

P A T I E.

Our *Jenny* sings saftly the *Cowden Broom-Knows*,
And *Rosie* lilts sweetly the *milking the ews* ;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like *Nansy* can sing,
At *throw the wood laddie*, *Bess* gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear *Peggy* sings with better skill,
The *boat-man, tweed-side*, or the *lass of the mill*,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

P E G G Y.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SANG XI. *By the delicious warmness of thy mouth.*

Sung by Patie and Peggy, p. 32, printed in the Pastoral ; and in this Miscellany, Vol. I. p. 81.

SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Sung by Sir William, p. 35.

R.

HI D from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.

Health.

Heathful, and innocently gay
 He chants, and whistles out the day ;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfullied with a crime :
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In proping of their pride and state ;
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

S A N G XIII. *Leith-Wynd.*

Sung by Jenny and Roger, p. 47.

R.

WERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain,
 The easy maid beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain ;
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

R O G E R.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline ;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead !
 Is Jenny then sae kind ? —
 O let me briss thee to my heart !
 And round my arms entwine :
 Delytful thought ; we'll never part !
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

SANG.

SANG XIV. *O'er Bogie.* *R.**Sung by Jenny, p. 48.*

WELL I agree, ye're sure of me ;
 Next to my father gae.
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you well,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, or learn to change,
 Like these in high degree :
 And if you prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV. *Wat ye wha I met Yestreen.* *R.**Sung by Sir William, p. 54.*

NOW from rusticity, and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn :
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light.
 'Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG.

SANG XVI. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Sung by, Patie, p. 63.

R.

Duty and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parents side,
 Which love superior calls treason ;
 The strongest must be obey'd ;
 For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repells ;
 For change in my heart is no entry,
 Still there my dear *Peggy* excells.

SANG XVII. *Woes my heart that we shou'd sunder.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 67.

R.

Speak on, — speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When *Pate* must from his *Peggy* sunder.
 A gentler face and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake poor me ! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy *Peggy*'s bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his *Peggy*'s praises tell,
 Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander.
 Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll loss your sweets when we're asunder.

Again

Again ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
 Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. *Tweed-side.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 68.

R.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him e'er in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of *May*,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a decay.

Not

Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

SANG XIX. *Buſb aboon Traquair.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 70.

R.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With foul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me,
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
 To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender.
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. *Bony gray ey'd Morn.* R.

Sung by Sir William, p. 74.

THE bony gray eyed morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,

Without

Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While flutter'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition or avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

On our Ladies being dressed in Scots Manufactory,
 at a publick Assembly.

A S O N G. R

To the Tune of, *O'er the Hills and far away.*

LE T meaner beauties use their art,
 And range both *Indies* for their dress.
 Our fair can captivate the heart,
 In native weeds, nor look the less.
 More bright unborrowed beauties shine,
 The artless sweetnes of each face
 Sparkle with lustres more divine,
 When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
 May use the aid of gems and paint,
 Deck with brocade and *Tyrian* stains
 Features of ruder form and taint.

What *Caledonian* ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woolen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
What e'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dress may lovers cool,
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clade in linnen, silk, or wool.
They adore *Myrtilla*, who can cease?
Her *active charms* our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
Spun by her own delightful hand.

Who can behold *Calista*'s eyes,
Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
And mind what artists can devise,
To rival more superior charms?
Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
Launs, satins, and the velvets fade,
The soul with her attractions full,
Can never be by these betray'd.

SAPHIRA, all o'er native sweets,
Not the false glare of dress regards,
Her wit, her character completes,
Her smile her lovers sighs rewards,
When such first beauties lead the way,
The inferior rank will follow soon;
Then arts no longer shall decay,
But trade encouraged be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
And flax that on the vales blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love,
And bless the labours of our looms;

We

We have enough, nor want from them,
 But trifles hardly worth our care,
 Yet for these trifles let them claim
 What food and cloath we have to spare.

How happy's *Scotland* in her fair!
 Her amiable daughters shall,
 By acting thus with virtuous care,
 Again the golden age recal :
 Enjoying them, *Edina* ne'er
 Shall miss a court ; but soon advance
 In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
 Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbary shall yield to sense,
 And lazy pride to useful arts,
 When such dear angels, in defence
 Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
 Blest guardians of our joys and wealth,
 True fountains of delight and love,
 Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
 'Till tir'd with earth, you mount above.

H A R D Y K N U T E.

A Fragment of an old beroick ballad.
By Lady Wardlaw first publ. in 1719.

I.

Stately step he east the wa,
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy years he now had seen,
 With scarce seven years of rest.
 He liv'd when *Britons* breach of faith
 Wrought *Scotland* meikle wae :
 And ay his sword told to their cost,
 He was their deadly fae.

X 2

II.

II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With hills and tours a hight,
 And guidly chambers fair to see,
 Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
 His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For chaste and beauty deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Save *Elenor* the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour stout ;
 In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
 Four yet remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame, hie was their might,
 And hie was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to *Fairly* fair,
 Their sister saft and deir,
 Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
 And gowden glift her hair.
 What waefou wae her bewtie bred ?
 Waefou to young and auld.
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

V.

The king of *Norse* in summer tyde,
 Pufft up with power and might,
 Landed in fair *Scotland* the isle,
 With mony a hardy knight :
 The tydings to our gude *Scots* King
 Came, as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in brave aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

VI.

VI.

" To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 " Your faes stand on the strand,
 " Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 " The king of *Norse* commands.
Bring me my steed, Madge, dapple gray,
 Our gude king raiſe and cry'd;
A trustier beast in all the land,
A Scots King never seyd.

VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 And hafte and follow me.
 The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his master's arm,
Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute,
 And redd your king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;
 His looks grew keen as they were wont
 In dangers great to do;
 He has tane a horn as green as glass,
 And gien five sounds sae shrill,
 That trees in green wood shooke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glie,
 Had past that summers morn,
 When lo down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their father's horn.
 That horn, quoth they, neer sounds in peace,
 We have other sport to byde;
 And soon they heyd them up the hill,
 And soon were at his syde.

X.

*Late, late yestreen I weind in peace
 To end my lengthned life,
 My age might weil excuse my arm
 Frae manly feats of strife;
 But now that Norse does proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to inhaball,
 Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
 He fear'd to fight or fall.*

XI.

*Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrow shoot sae leil,
 Mony a comely countenance
 They have turn'd to deidly pale:
 Brade Thomas tak ye but your lance,
 Ye neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ye fight weit as ye did anes
 'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.*

XII.

*Malcom, light of foot as stag
 That runs in forest wyld,
 Get me my thousands three of men
 Well bred to sword and shielde:
 Bring me my horse and barnisine
 My blade of mettal cleir.
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,
 They soon had fled for fear.*

XIII.

*Farewell my dame, sae pierles good,
 And took her by the hand,
 Fairer to me in age you seem,
 Than maids for beuty fam'd:
 My yongest son shall here remain
 To guard these stately towirs,
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps,
 Sae fast your painted bowirs.*

XIV.

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
 And then her boddice green,
 Hir silken cords of twirtle twist,
 Weil plett with silver sheen ;
 And apron set with mony a dice
 Of needle-wark sae rare,
 Wove by na hand, as ye may gues,
 Save that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 When he came to a wounded knight
 Making a heavy mane ;
Here maun I lie, here maun I dye,
By treacheries false Gyles ;
Witless I was that eir gave faith
To wicked womans smyles.

XVI.

Sir knight, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on silken seat,
My ladys kyndlie care you'd prove,
Wha neir kend deidly hate ;
Hir self wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht ;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

Arise young knight, and mount your steid,
Full lowns the sbynday,
Chuse frae my menzie whom ye please
To lead ye on the way.
 With smyless look and visage wan,
 The wounded knight reply'd,
 Kynd chiftain, your intent pursue,
 For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

XVIII.

*To me nae after day nor night,
Can eir be sweet or fair,
But soon beneath some draping trie,
Cauld death fall end my care.
With him nae pleading might prevail,
Brave *Hardyknute* to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Strave courteously in vain.*

XIX.

*Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord *Chattans* land fae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage seyd :
Of *Pictis* race by mothers syde,
When *Picts* ruld *Caledon*,
Lord *Chattan* claimd the princely maid,
When he sav'd *Pictis* crown.*

XX.

*Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reach'd a rysing height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norse army lay in sight ;
Yonder my valiant sons and feirs,
Our raging revers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottish swaird,
To try with us thair fate.*

XXI.

*Mak ori'ons to him that sav'd
Our sauls upon the rude,
Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude.
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thousands all arround,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
And loud the bougills sound.*

XXII.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
 In haft his merch he made,
 Whyle, play and pibrochs, minstralls meit
 Afore him stately strade.
*Thryse welcom valiant stoup of weir,
 Thy nations sheild and pryd ;
 Thy king nae reason has to feir
 When thou art by his syde.*

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.
 Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bludy, bludy was the field,
 Or that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of *Scots* that sindle bruikd
 The war that lookt like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows feimt but delay :
 Quoth noble *Rotbsay*, *myne I'll keip*,
I wate its bled a score.
Hast up my merry men, cryd the king,
 As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of *Norse* he sought to find,
 With him to mense the fight,
 But on his forehead there did light
 A sharp unsontie shaft ;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow keen,
 O waefou chance ! there pinnd his hand
 In midst between his een.

XXVI.

XXVI.

*Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothsays heir,
 Your mail-coat shall nocht byde
 The strength and sharpness of my dart ;
 Then sent it through his syde :
 Another arrow weil he markd
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He laigh as eard did fa.*

XXVII.

*Sair bleids my liege, fair, fair he bleids.
 Again with might he drew
 And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew :
 Wae to the knight he ettled at,
 Lament now quene Elgreid,
 Hie dames too wail your darlings fall,
 His youth and comely meid*

XXVIII.

*Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
 (Of gold weil was it twynd,
 Knit lyke the fowlers net through which
 His steilly harness shynd)
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him venge the blude it beirs ;
 Say, if he face my bended bow,
 He sure nae weapon fears.*

XXIX.

*Proud Norse with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,
 Cryd, where is Hardyknute sae famd
 And feird at Britains throne :
 The Britons tremble at his name,
 I soon shall make him wail,
 That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
 Sae saft his coat of mail.*

XXX.

XXX.

That brag his stout heart coud na byde,
 It lent him youthful might:
I'm Hardyknute this day, he cry'd,
To Scotlands king I height,
To lay thee law as horses huse,
My word I mean to keip.
 Syne with the first strake eir he strake,
 He garrd his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawks staid wyld,
 He fight with shame and spyte;
Disgrac'd is now my far fam'd arm
That left thee power to stryke:
 Then gave his head a blaw sae fell,
 It made him doun to stoup,
 As law as he to ladies us'd
 In courtly gyse to lout.

XXXII.

Full soon he rais'd his bent body,
 His bow he marvell'd fair,
 Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
 As touch of *Fairly* fair:
Norse ferliet too as fair as he
 To see his stately look,
 Sae soon as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae soon his lyfe he took.

XXXIII.

Whair lyke a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
 A sturdy fae with look enrag'd
 Up towards him did prance;
 He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks
 The hardy youth to quell,
 Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
 His furie to repell.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

*That short brown shaft sae meanly trimd,
Looks like poor Scotland's Geir,
But dreidfull seims the rusty poynt!
And loud he leugh in jeir.
Aft Britains blude has dimd its blyne
This point cut short their vaunt;
Syne piercd the boaster's baird cheik,
Nae time he took to taunt.*

XXXV.

*Short while he in his sadle swang,
His stirrip was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Right far was hard the thud,
But Thomas look'd not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.*

XXXVI.

*With cairles gesture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he north the plain,
His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
When winner ay the same;
Nor yet his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
Coud meise saft love to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,
Then languid grew his look.*

XXXVII.

*In thrawis of death, with wailowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsom sounds,
To boast the glories of the day,
And shaw thair shyning wounds.*

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

On *Norways* coast the widow'd dame
 May wash the rocks with teirs,
 May lang look owre the shipes seas,
 Before hir mate appeirs.
 Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lyis in the clay,
 The valiant *Scots* nae *revers* thole
 To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie whair stands a cross,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce that summers day
 Filld keen waris black intent,
 Let *Scots*, while *Scots*, praise *Hardyknute*,
 Let *Norse* the name ay dreid,
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spaird,
 Sal latest ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the night eir *Hardyknute*
 Wan neir his stately tower,
 His tower that usd with torches bleise,
 To shyne sae far at night,
 Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae marvel fair he feight.

XLI.

There's nae light in my ladys bowin
 There's nae light in my hall;
 Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
 Nor Ward stands on my wall.
 What bodes it? Robert, Thomas say,
 Nae answer fits their dreid.
 Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde,
 But by they past with speid.

XLII.

XLII.

As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes,

There ceift his brag of weir,
Sair sham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.

Black fear he felt, but what to fear

He wist not yet with dreid ;
Sair shook his body, fair his limbs,
And all the warrior fled.

* * * * *

The Braes of Yarrow.

By W. Baillie of Bangour.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsom marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsom marrow ?
I got her where I durst not well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsom marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow ?
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
And lang must I nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I have slain the comliest swain,
 That ever pued barks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why runs thy stream, O *Yarrow*, *Yarrow*, reid?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious weeds,
 Hung on the bony barks of *Yarrow*?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
 What's yonder floats? O dole and sorrow,
 O 'tis the comely swain I slew
 Upon the doleful braes of *Yarrow*.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
 And wrap his limbs in murning weeds,
 And lay him on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around in woful wise,
 His helpless fate on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast
 His comly breast on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
 Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
 Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Y 2 Sweet

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
 Yellow on *Yarrow's* braes the gowan, (Grass,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of *Yarrow* flowan.

Flows *Yarrow* sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows *Tweed*,
 As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
 In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter ;
 Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
 Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
 Busk ye, then busk, my winsom marrow,
 Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of *Tweed*,
 And think nae mare on the braes of *Yarrow*.

How can I busk a bony bony bride?
 How can I busk a winsom marrow?
 How loe him on the banks of *Tweed*,
 That flew my love on the braes of *Yarrow*?

O *Yarrow* fields, may never, never rain,
 No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was viley kill'd my love,
 My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing,
 Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk white, milk white steed,
 Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,
 But e'er the toofal of the night,
 He lay a corps on the braes of *Yarrow*. Much

Much I rejoyc'd that woeful, woeful day,
 I sung, my voice the woods returning,
 But lang e'er night, the spear was flown,
 That flew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My lover's blood is on thy spear;
 How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
 With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
 May bid me seek on *Yarrow's* braes
 My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother *Douglas* may upbraid,
 And strive with threatening words to move me.
 My lover's blood is on thy spear,
 How can'st thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methink, are bath'd in slaughter.
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
 Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;
 Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee;
Yet lye all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And ly all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corps in the braces of Yarrow.

The End of the Second Volume.



THE
Tea-Table
MISCELLANY:
OR, A
COLLECTION
OF
Celebrated SONGS.

*When we behold her angel face,
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear and what we see,
How ravishing's the harmony!
No charms like Celia's voice surprise,
Except the musick of her eyes.*

LANSDOWN.

VOL. III.

THE
EAST-ASIAN
MISCELLANY:
A
COLLECTION
OF
CHINESE
SONGS



A COLLECTION OF
Celebrated SONGS.

SONG I.



Nymph of the plain,
By a jolly young swain,
By a jolly young swain,
Was address'd to be kind :
But relentless I find
To his prayers she appear'd,
Tho' himself he endear'd,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might perswade her his passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her
I cannot express ;
But he lov'd to excess,
And swore he would die,
If she would not comply,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might perswade her his passion to meet.

While blushes like roses,
Which nature composes,
Which nature composes,

Ver.

Vermilion'd her face,
 With an ardure and grace,
 Which her lover improv'd,
 When he found he had mov'd,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might perswade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
 Which their souls did employ,
 Which their souls did employ ;
 From her ruby warm lips,
 Thousand odours he sips,
 At the sight of her eyes
 He faints and he dies,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might perswade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 Now becomes all the smart,
 'Till he vow'd to his fair,
 That to ease his own care,
 He would meet her again,
 And 'till then be in pain,
 In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might perswade her his passion to meet.

SONG. II.

Send home my long stray'd eyes to me,
 Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee ;
 But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,
 Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought cou'd stain ;
 But if it has been taught by thine,
 To forfeit both
 Its word and oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
 That I may see and know thy lies,
 And laugh one day perhaps when thou
 Shalt grieve for one
 Thy love will scorn,
 And prove as false as thou art now.

SONG III.

WHilst I fondly view the charmer,
 Thus the God of love I sue,
 Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do :
 Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
 Rob her neck, her lips and eyes,
 The remainder still will leave her
 Power enough to tyranize.

Shape and feature, flame and passion,
 Still in every breast will move,
 More is supererrogation,
 Meer idolatry of love :
 You may dress a world of *Chloes*
 In the beautys she can spare ;
 Hear him, *Cupid*, who no foe is
 To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry *Cupid* made reply,
 Do *Florella*'s charms displease you,
 Die then, foolish mortal, die:
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating store;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand beautys more.

Were *Florella* proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care;
 Justly then you'd pray that power
 Shou'd be taken from the fair:
 But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief in that you'll find;
 Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her,
 For the beautys of her mind.

SONG. IV.

TEN years, like *Troy*, my stubborn heart
 Withstood th' assault of fond desire:
 But now, alas! I feel a smart,
 Poor I, like *Troy*, am set on fire.

With care we may a pile secure,
 And from all common sparks defend:
 But oh! who can a house secure,
 When the celestial flames descend.

Thus was I safe, 'till from your eyes
 Destructive fires are brightly given:
 Ah! who can shun the warm surprise,
 When lo! the light'ning comes from heaven.

SONG.

SONG V.

WHilst I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,
 Straight her eyes my fate declare;
 When she smiles I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wandring look she give;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure ?
 I will disclose my inclination :
 Awful distance yields no cure.
 Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave ;
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat :
 Never mounts to raging passion,
 Love's a torment if two great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

SONG VI.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease, from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream ;
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught :
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fixt upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul ;
 And lovely *Nancy* stands confess'd
 The favourite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love ;

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

*Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mixt with soft distress ;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

SONG VII.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed *Susan* came on board ;
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ? Tell

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro ;
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her nest :
The noblest captain in the *British* fleet
Might envy *William*'s lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan, Susan*, lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again :
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compas that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell, the sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go :

If to fair *India*'s coast we fail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is *Africk*'s spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white ;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Makes in my soul some charms of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* morn,
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return ;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay aboard ;
 They-kis'd ; she figh'd ; he hung his head :
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu, she cries ; and wav'd her lilly hand.

SONG VIII.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as winds when *Zypher* blows,
 Refreshing as descending rains
 To sunburnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun,
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;
 From every other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady bowers
 Of verdent spring, her note renews ;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the season rise ;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies :
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
 And marble-towers and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low :
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the blest above,
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,
 Twin-born from heaven together came :
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more.

SONG IX.

Fair *Iris* and her swain
 Were in a shady bower,
 Where *Thirstis* long in vain
 Had sought the happy hour ;

At length his hand advancing
 Upon her snowy breast,
 He said, O! kiss me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 If you would make me blest.

I R I S.

An easy yielding maid
 By trusting is undone,
 Our sex is oft betray'd
 By granting love too soon ;
 If you desire to gain me,
 Your sufferings to redress,
 Prepare to love me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 Before you shall possest.

T H I R S I S,

The little care you show
 Of all my sorrows past,
 Makes death appear too slow,
 And life too long to last ;
 Oh *Iris!* kiss me kindly,
 In pity of my fate,
 Fair *Iris* kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly,
 Before it be too late.

I R I S.

You fondly court your bliss,
 And no advances make ;
 'Tis not for maids to kiss,
 But 'tis for men to take :
 So you may kiss me kindly,
 And I will not rebell,
Thirstis may kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly ;
 But never kiss and tell.

ALTER-

A L T E R N A T I V E.

And may I kiss you kindly?

Yes you may kiss me kindly,

And kindly still and kindly?

And kindly still and kindly.

And will you not rebell.

And I will not rebell.

Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly,

Kindly still and kindly;

But never kiss and tell.

SONG X.

A H! bright *Bellinda*, hither fly,
And such a light discover,
As may the absent sun supply,
And chear the drooping lover.

Arise, my day, with speed arise,
And all my sorrows banish :
Before the sun of thy bright eyes,
All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,
And curse the hoarded treasure :
Why should you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleasure ?

The petty powers of hell destroy ;
To save's the pride of heaven :
To you the first, if you prove coy ;
If kind, the last is given.

The choice then sure's not hard to make,
Betwixt a good and evil :
Which title had you rather take,
My Goddess, or, my devil.

SONG

SONG XI.

FIE! *Liza*, scorn the little arts,
 Which meaner beauty's use,
 Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,
 Unless they still refuse;
Are coy and shy; will seem to frown,
 To raise our passion higher;
 But when the poor delight is known,
 It quickly palls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,
 Or stop you know not why;
 Your blushes and your eyes betray
 What death you mean to die!
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
 And love no more be croft:
Ah! *Liza*, when the joys are known,
 You'll curse the minutes past.

SONG XII.

BE wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* sues,
 These *wits* are the bane of your charms:
 Beauty, play'd against reason, will certainly lose,
 Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young *Damon* despis'd for his plainness of parts,
 Has worth that a woman should prize;
 He'll run the race out, tho' he heavily starts,
 And *distance* the short winded *wife*.

Your *fool* is a saint in the temple of love,
 And kneels all his life there to pray;
 Your *wit* but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
 'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

SONG.

SONG XIII.

Stella and *Flavia* every hour,
Do various hearts surprise;
In *Stella*'s soul lyes all her power,
And *Flavia*'s in her eyes.

More boundless *Flavia*'s conquest are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd :
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like *Britain*'s monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like eastern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store :
Thy charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives *Stella* more.

SONG XIV.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she live's in our alley :
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the streets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em :

But

But fure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our ally.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes like any *Turk*,
 And bangs me most severely :
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our ally.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 The *Saturday* and *Monday* ;
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our ally.

My master carrys me to church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And flink away with *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our ally.

When *Christm^{as}s* comes about again,
 O ! then I shall have mony ;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 And give it to my honey :

And

And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and *Sally*,
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave, and row a galley ;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O ! then I'll marry *Sally*,
 O ! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

SONG XV.

Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
 You must tickle her fancy with sweets and
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly (dears,
 Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears ;
 Wittily prettily talk her down,
 Chase her, and praise her if fair or brown ;
 Sooth her and smooth her,
 And tease her and please her,
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men,
 With the front of assurance come boldly on ;
 Be at her each moment and briskly briskly
 Put her in mind, how her time steals on ;
 Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
 Rouse her and rouse her from morn to noon,
 And shew her some hour
 You are able to grapple,
 And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety ;
 Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when *Cully's* gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own,

SONG XVI.

S H E.

O H love ! if a God thou wilt be,
 Do justice in favour of me ;
 For yonder approaching I see,
 A man with a beard,
 Who, as I have heard,
 Hath often undone
 Poor maids that have none,
 With fighing and toying,
 And crying and lying,
 And such kind of foolery.

H E.

Fair maid by your leave,
 My heart does receive
 Strange pleasure to meet you here ;
 Pray tremble not so
 Nor offer to go,
 I'll do you no harm I swear,
 I'll do you no harm I swear.

S H E.

My mother is spinning at home,
 My father works hard at the loom,
 And we are a milking come;

Their

Their dinner they want;
 Then pray ye, sir, don't
 Make more ado on't,
 Nor give us affront ;
 We're none of the town
 Will ly down for a crown,
 Then away, sir, and give us room.

H E.

By *Phœbus* and *Jove*,
 By honour and love,
 I'll do thee dear sweet no harm ;
 Ye'r as fresh as a rose,
 I want one of those ;
 Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm,
 Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm.

S H E.

And can you then like the old rule,
 Be conjugal, honest and dull,
 And marry, and look like a fool ;
 For I must be plain,
 All tricks are in vain ;
 There's nothing can gain
 What you wou'd obtain,
 Like moving and proving
 By wedding, true loving,
 My lesson I learnt at school.

H E.

I'll do't by this hand,
 I've houses and land,
 Estate too in good freehold ;
 My dear let us joyn,
 It all shall be thine,
 Besides a good purse of gold,
 Besides a good purse of gold ;

A a

SHE.

S H E.

You make me to blussh now, I vow,
 Ah me ! shall I baulk my cow ?
 But since the late oath you have swore,
 Your soul shall not be
 In danger for me ;
 I'll rather agree
 Of two to make three :
 We'll wed, and we'll bed,
 There's no more to be said,
 And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

SONG XVII.

Maiden fresh as a rose,
 Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
 Take no spouse among beaux,
 Fond of their raking quality ;
 He who wears a long bush,
 All powder'd down from his pericrane,
 And with nose full of snuff,
 Snuffles out love in a merry vein :
 Who, to dames of high place,
 Does prattle like any parrot too ;
 Yet with doxies a brace
 At night pigs in a garret too ;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine show to carry thee :
 Plainly, friend, thou'rt undone,
 If such a creature marry thee.
 Then for fear of a bribe,
 Of flattering noise and vanity,
 Yoak a lad of our tribe,
 He'll shew the best humanity :

Flashy

Flashy thou wilt find love,
 In civil as well as secular ;
 But when spirit doth move,
 We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveness is pride,
 That boobys the more may venerate,
 He that gets a good bride,
 Can jump when he's to generate :
 Off then goes the disguise,
 To bed in his arms he'll carry thee ;
 Then, to be happy and wise,
 Take yea and nay to marry thee.

SONG XVIII.

LAST Sunday at saint James's pray'rs,
 The prince and princess by,
 I, dress'd in all my whale-bone airs,
 Sat in a closet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
 Read all the answers o'er ;
 But was perverted by a look,
 Which pierc'd me from the door.

High thoughts of heaven I came to use,
 With the devoutest care ;
 Which gay young *Strephon* made me lose,
 And all the raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my chair,
 And bow'd with courtly grace ;
 But whisper'd love into mine ear,
 Too warm for that grave place.

Love, love, said he, by all ador'd,
My tender heart has won :
But I grew peevish at the word,
Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of sight, while I
A kinder answer meant ;
Nor did I for my sins that day,
By half so much repent.

SONG XIX.

Love, thou art the best of humane joys,
Our chiefest happiness below ;
All other pleasures are but toys,
Musick without thee is but noise,
Beauty but an empty show.

Heaven that knew best what men cou'd move,
And raise his thoughts above the brute,
Said, let him be, and let him love,
That only must his soul improve,
Howe'er philosophers dispute.

SONG XX.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
And the brook in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas !

Alás ! silly swain that I was ;
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
 She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue,
 When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great ;
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe,
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To foriake the fine folk of the town ?
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove ;
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love ?

What tho' I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,
 What tho' when they hear my soft strains,
 The virgins fit weeping around ?
 Ah *Colin* ! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy lawrel resign,
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose musick is sweeter than thine.

All you my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground :
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array ;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day :
 While *Colin* forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG. XXI.

TWas when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deplored,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the roaring billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou ventrous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?

The

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear !
 Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain ?
 No eye these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corps she spy'd ;
 Then like a lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

SONG XXII.

REmember, *Damon*, you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well ;
 But now, alas ! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan :
 To doleful shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
 Such soft persuasive language hung,
 That when his words had silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an angel spoke.
 Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he;
 For oh! I fear it to my cost,
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,
 A snake may hide, or take its birth ;
 So his false breast, conceal it did
 His heart, the snake that there lay hid.
 'Tis false to say, we happy are,
 Since men delight thus to ensare ;
 In man no woman can be blest,
 Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye Gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my *Damon*, or relief ;
 Return the wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy :
 But whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer thus,
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
Who see him, loves ; who loves him, dies.

There's not a bird that haunts the grove,
 But is a witness of my love :
 Now all the bleeters on the plain
 Seem sympathizers in my pain :
 Eccho's repeat my plaintive moans ;
 The waters imitate my groans ;
 The trees their bending boughs recline,
 And droop their heads as I do mine.

SONG

SONG XXIII.

ON a bank beside a willow,
 Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:
 From the chearless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her moan,
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
Damon my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth and such a lover:
 Oh, so true so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
 Melting kisses,
 Murm'ring blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore;
 Never shall we both ly dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before:
 To befriend me,
 Death, come, end me,
 Love and *Damon* are no more.



SONG XXIV.

*A*Lexis shunn'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund strains,
 (Heaven guard us all from Cupid's Bow;) 10
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
 His grief some pity, others blame;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek:
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd; but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
 And she too, kind concern exprest,
 And as'd the reason of his woe;
 She ask'd; but with an air and mein,
 As made it easily forseen,
 She fear'd to much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal;
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

"Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain;
 You are the cause of all my care:
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;
 Ten thousand torments vext my heart;
 I love, and I despair.

Too

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd :
But you shall promise, ne'er again
To breath your vows, or speak your pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG XXV.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prithee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prithee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame ; this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her.

SONG XXVI.

MY friend and I,
We drank whole piss-pots,
Full of sack up to the brim :
I drank to my friend,
And he drank his pot,
So we put about the whim : Three

Three bottles and a quart
 We swallow'd down our throat,
 (But hang such puny sips as these;) down to T
 I know well
 I know well
 I know well
 I know well
 We laid us all along,
 With our mouths unto the bung,
 And tip'd whole hogsheads off with ease.

I heard of a fop

That drank whole tankards,
 Stil'd himself the prince of fots : I know well
 I know well
 But I say now, hang
 Such silly drunkards,
 Melt their flagons, break their pots.
 My friend and I did join,
 For a cellar full of wine,
 And we drank the vintner out of door;
 We drank it all up
 In a morning, at a sup,
 And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me

Did make this motion,
 Let us to the vintage skip:
 Then we imbark'd
 Upon the ocean,
 Where we found a *Spaniſh* ship,
 Deepladen with wine,
 Which was superfine,
 The sailors swore five hundred tun;
 We drank it all at sea,
 E'er we came unto the key,
 And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having

Quench'd his thirst,
 Said, let's to the vineyards haste:
 Straight then we sail'd
 To the *Canaries*,
 Which afforded just a taste;

From

From thence unto the *Rhine*,
 Where we drank up all the wine,
 Till *Bacchus* cry'd, hold ye sots, or you die,
 And swore he never found,
 In his universal round,
 Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out fie ! crys one,
What a beast he makes him,
He can neither stand nor go :
 Out you beast, you,
 You're much mistaken,
 When e'er knew you a beast drink so?
 'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a beast ;
 But when we carouse it six in hand ;
 'Tis then, and only then,
 That we drink the most like men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

SONG XXVII.

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
 And money be the miser's wish,
 Poor scholars study all their days,
 And gluttons glory in their dish :
 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
 Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.

Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a lover's lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear ;
 Pure wine is native red and white :
 'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull;
 Opens the heart that loves to save,
 And kindness flows from cups brim-full :
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
 Some want a wife, and some a punk,
 Some men want wit, and others wealth;
 But they want nothing that are drunk :
'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
Therefore give us the chearing bowls.

SONG XXVIII.

Farewell, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty *Maggy*,
 And a' the rosie lasses milking on the down :
 Adieu the flowry meadows, aft fae dear to *Jocky*,
 The sports and merry glee of *Edinborow* town :
 Since *French* and *Spanish* louns stand at bay,
 And valiant lads of *Britain* hold 'em play,
 My reap-hook I maun cast quite away,
 And fight too like a man,
 Among 'em, for our royal queen *Anne*.

Each carle of *Irish* mettle battles like a dragon :
 The *Germans* waddle, and straddle to the drum ;
 The *Italian* and the butter bowzy *Hogan Mogan* :
 Good-faith then, *Scottish Jocky* mauna ly at hame :
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,
 And swear they'll quickly ding auld *Monsieur* down,
 I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
 To shew that *Scotland* can
 Excel 'em for our royal queen *Anne*.

Then

Then welcome from *Viga*,
 And cudgelling *Don Diego*,
 With strutting rascallions,
 And plundering the galleons :
 Each brisk valiant fellow
 Fought at *Rondondellow*,
 And those who did meet
 With the *Newfound-land* fleet ;
 When, for late successes,
 Which *Europe* confesses,
 At land by our gallant commanders ;
 The *Dutch* in strong beer,
 Shou'd be drunk for a year,
 With their general's health in *Flanders*.

SONG XXIX.

THE ordnance a-board,
 Such joys does afford,
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
 No mortal e'er more can desire :
 Each member repairs,
 From the tower to the stairs,
 And by water *whusb*, and by water *whusb*,
 By water they all go to fire.

Of each piece that's a-shore,
 They search from the bore ;
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair weather :
 Their glasses are large,
 And whene'er they discharge,
 There's a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza,
 Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
 Fitted tools for his wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster :
 But *Mars*, had he been
 Upon our *Woolwich* green,
 To have heard *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza,
 He'd have own'd great *Marlborough* his master.

SONG XXX.

Leave off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,
 But drink your glass,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye,
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares,
 And state affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure :
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round,

If any is so zealous,
 To be a party-minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion :

Fill

Fill your glass, name your lass,
 See her health go sweetly round,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd.

SONG XXXI.

WE'll drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
 Put the glass then around with the sun, boys.
 Let *Apollo's* example invite us,
 For he's drunk every night,
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a christian diversion,
 Unknown to *Turk* and the *Persian* :
 Let *Mahomitan* fools
 Live by heathenish rules,
 And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee ;
 While the brave *Britons* sing,
 And drink healths to their *king*,
 And a fig for their *sultan* and *sophy*.

SONG XXXII.

Wile the lover is thinking,
 With my friend I'll be drinking,
 And with vigour pursue my delight,
 While the fool is designing
 His fatal confining,
 With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
 Without madness and folly,
 Fickle woman to marry implore;
 Leave my bottle and friend,
 For so foolish an end !
 When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG XXXIII.

Celia, let not pride undo you,
 Love and life fly swiftly on ;
 Let not *Damon* still pursue you,
 Still in vain, till love is gone :
 See how fair the blooming rose is,
 See by all how justly priz'd ;
 But when it its beauty loses,
 See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When these charms that youth have lent you,
 Like the roses are decay'd,
Celia you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid !
 Die a maid ! die a maid ! die a maid !
Celia you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid !

SONG XXXIV.

I'LL range around the shady bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest flowers ;
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,
 To make a garland for my love.

When

When in the sultry heat of day,
 My thirsty nymph does panting lay,
 I'll hasten to the fountains brink,
 And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy bed I'll make my love,
 And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
 That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
 Myself shall never close these eyes;
 But gazing still with fond delight,
 I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as cheerful day
 Dispells the gloomy shades away,
 Forth to the forest I'll repair,
 And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
 Still mixing pleasure with delight;
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
 Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
 And never think of woman more.

SONG XXXV.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true;
 Yet, *Phillis*, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoy-

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heaven it would be ;
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah ! you're an angel to me :

Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spanns as beside him you go ;
 That arm, like a lilly so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee :
 But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 O ! let me not live in this pain,
 But give my death in a frown.

SONG XXXVI.

From rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly ;
 Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy :
 Ah ! let the soul of musick tune my voice,
 To win dear *Strephon*, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
 Is, to be brisk and airy,
 With a step and a bound,
 And a brisk from the ground,
 I'll trip like any fairy :

As

As once on *Ida* dancing,
 Were three celestial bodies,
 With an air and a face,
 And a shape and a grace,
 Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain;
 Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
 Falls on my breast; black winds in tempests blow:
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow;
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw my self, or drown
 Amongst the foaming billows,
 Increasing all with tears I shed;
 On beds of *Ooze* and christal pillows
 Lay down my love sick head?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,
 That soon my heart will warm;
 When once the sense is fled,
 Love has no power to charm:
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
 My robes and locks shall thus be tore;
 A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,
 E'er thus in vain! e'er thus in vain adore.

SONG XXXVII.

O H! lead me to some peaceful gloom,
 Where none but sighing lovers come,
 Where the shrill trumpets never found,
 But one eternal hush goes round.

There

There let me sooth my pleasing pain,
 And never think of war again ;
 What glory can a lover have
 To conquer, yet be still a slave ?

SONG XXXVIII.

OH ! lead to some peaceful room,
 Where none but honest fellows come,
 Where wives loud clappers never sound,
 But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
 And never think of home again :
 What comfort can a husband have,
 To rule the house where he's a slave.

SONG XXXIX.

Pious *Selinda* goes to prayers,
 If I but ask the favour ;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
 Or else had hopes to win her ;
 Would she cou'd make of me a saint,
 Or I of her a sinner.



SONG

SONG XL.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give;
But different fates e'er night fulfil:
How many by this warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

SONG XLI.

YOUNG *Corydon* and *Phillis*
Sat in a lovely grove,
Contriving crowns of lillies,
Repeating tales of love,
And something else; but what, I dare not name.

But as they were a playing,
She ogled so the swain,
It sav'd her plainly saying,
Let's kiss to ease our pain, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her,
Upon the flowery green;
But as he further prest her,
A pretty leg was seen, &c.

So many beauties viewing,
His ardour still increas'd;
And, greater joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her breast, &c.

A last effort she trying,
His passion to withstand,
Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying)
Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
The minutes wou'd improve ;
This is the time, he told her,
To shew how much I love, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in am'rous heat ;
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My dear, your love is great, &c.

But *Phillis* did recover,
Much sooner than the swain ;
She blushing, ask'd her lover,
Shall we not kiss again, &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,
Till nature at a stand,
From talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each others hand, &c.

SONG XLII.

SEE, see, my *Seraphina* comes,
Adorn'd with every grace ;
Look, Gods, from your celestial dome,
And view her charming face.

Then search, and see if you can find,
In all your sacred groves,
A nymph or goddess so divine,
As she whom *Strephon* loves.

SONG

SONG XLIII.

S H E.

Pray now, *John*, let *Jug* prevail,
 Doff thy sword, and take a flail;
 Wounds and blows, and scorching heat,
 Will abroad be all you'll get.

H E.

'Sounds! you are mad, ye simple jade,
 Begone, and don't prate.

S H E.

How think ye I shall do,
 With *Hob* and *Sue*,
 And all our brats when wanting you?

H E.

When I am rich with plunder,
 Thou my gain shall share.

S H E.

My share will be but small, I fear,
 When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
 And the flea-flints the *Germans* strip 'em bare.

H E.

Mind your spinning,
 Mend your linnen,
 Look to your cheese you,
 Your pigs and your geese too.

C c

SHE.

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S H E.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

H E.

Blood and fire, if you tire
Thus my patience,
With vexations and narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping
Is the fatal word, *John*.

S H E.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

H E.

Morbleau! that huff shall never do.

S H E.

Come, come, *John*, let's bus and be friends,
Thus still, thus love's quarrel ends;
I my tongue sometimes let run,
But alas! I soon have done.

H E.

'Tis well you're quash'd,
You'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my name is *John*.

S H E.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

H E.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we shall then grow great.

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SHE.

S H E.

Grow great!

And want both drink and meat,
 And coin, unless the pamper'd *French* you beat:
 Ah *John!* take care *John!*
 And learn more wit.

H E.

Dare you prate still,
 At this rate still,
 And like a vermin,
 Grudge my preferment.

S H E.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

H E.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,
 Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
 Still must rattle;
 I'll be gone, and straight aboard.

S H E.

Do, do, and so shall *Heb* and *Sue*,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

SONG XLIV.

H E.

SInce times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet heart,
 I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
 And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
 To better my fortune as other folks do:

Since some have from ditches,
 And coarse leather breeches,
 Been rais'd to be rulers,
 And wallow'd in riches,

Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy wheel;
 For if the gypsies don't lie,
 I shall be a governor too e'er I die.

S H E.

Ah *Colin!* by all thy late doings I find,
 With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind;
 Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
 And now *sunday's* jacket goes every day on;
 Ah! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st
 thou mean!

H E.

To make my shoes clean,
 And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
 Where, shewing my parts, I perferment shall win.

S H E.

Fie! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin;
 For, as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,
 Thou'll find nothing got there, unless thou can't buy;
 For money, the devil and all's to be found,
 But no good parts minded without the good pound.

H E.

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
 Hunt honour, that now a-days plaguely charms.

S H E.

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,
 And curse thy self after for leaving the plough.

H E.

Suppose I turn gamester.

S H E.

To cheat and be bang'd.

H E.

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H E.

What think'st of the road then.

S H E.

The high way to be hang'd.

H E.

Nice pimping howe'er yields profit for life ;
I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

S H E.

That's dangerous too amongst the town crew ;
For some of them will do the same thing by you ;
And then to cuckold ye may be drawn in ;
Faith *Colin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

H E.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the law.

S H E.

Oh! while you live *Colin*, keep out of that paw.

H E.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

S H E.

Ah! there's nought got that way ;
There's no one minds now what these black cattle say :
Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

H E.

To make our corn grow, and our apple trees bear.

B O T H.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show.

S H E.

So I'll to my distaff.

C C 3

H E.

H E.

And I'll to my plow.

BOTH AGAIN.

Let all our whole care, &c.

SONG XLV.

H E.

WHere oxen do low,
 And apple trees grow ;
 Where corn is sown,
 And grass is mown ;
 Fate give me for life a place.

S H E.

Where hay's well cock'd,
 And udders are stroak'd ;
 Where duck and drake
 Cry, quack, quack, quack ;
 Where turkeys lay eggs,
 And swine fuckle pigs ;
 Oh ! there I would pass my days.

H E.

On nonght we will feed,
 But what we can breed :

S H E.

And wear on our backs
 The wool of our flocks ;
 And tho' linnen feel
 Rough, spun from the wheel,
 'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

H E.

H E.

Town follys and cullys,
And mollys and dollys,
For ever adieu, and for ever:

S H E.

And beaux, that in boxes
Lye smugg'ling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

H E.

Good b'uye to the mall
The park and canal,
St. James's square,
And flaunters there,
The gaming house too,
Where high dice and low
Are manag'd by all degrees.

S H E.

Adieu to the knight
Was bubbled last night,
That keeps a blowze,
And beats his spouse,
And then in great haste,
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

H E.

And well fare the lad
Improves ev'ry clod,
Who ne'er sets his hand
To bill or to bond:

S H E.

Nor barters his flocks,
For wine or the pox,
To chouse him of half his days.

H E.

H E.

But fishing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His pastime is ever and ever.

S H E.

Whose lips, when ye bus' 'em,
Smell like the bean blossem;
Oh ! he it's shall have my praise.

H E.

To taverns, where goes
Sow'r apples and floes,
A long adieu !
And farewell too
The house of the great,
Whose cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirst.

S H E.

Farewell to the change,
Where rantipoles range;
Farewell cold tea,
And rattafie,
Hide-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with dust.

H E.

Farewell the law gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That shou'd be run down:

SHE.

With city jack-daws,
That make staple laws,
To measure by yards and ells.

H E.

H E.

Stock-jobbers and swobbers,
 And packers and tackers,
 For ever adieu, and for ever :
 We know what you're doing ;
 And home we are going ;
 And so you may ring your bells.

SONG XLVI.

H E.

O F all comforts I miscarried,
 When I play'd the sot and married,
 'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't
 Those that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

S H E.

Fie ! my dear, pray come to bed,
 That napkin take, and bind your head,
 Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

H E.

'Oons ! 'tis all one if I'm up or ly down,
 For as soon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

S H E.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
 Was I, was I made a wife to ly alone ?

H E.

From your arms my self divorcing,
 I this morn must ride a coursing,
 A sport that far excells a *madam*,
 Or all the wives have been since *Adam*.

S H E.

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S H E.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you ;
And whilst you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

H E.

Pox, what care I ! drink your slops till you die ;
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

S H E.

If thus parted, I'm broken hearted ;
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

H E.

E'er I be from rambling hindred,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred ;
To besober I've no leisure,
What's a man without his pleasure ?

S H E.

To my grief then I must see,
Strong wine and *Nantz* my rivals be ;
Whilst you carouse it with your blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

H E.

"Sounds ! you may go to your gossips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

S H E.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a man like you.



SONG

SONG XLVII.

Pretty parrot, say, when I was away,
 And in dull absence past the day,
 What at home was doing ?
With chat and play
We were gay,
Night and day,
Good cheer and mirth renewing ;
Singing laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.

Was no sot so rude, boldly to intrude,
 And like a saucy lover wou'd
 Court and tease my lady ?
A thing you know,
Made for show,
Call'd a beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.

Tell me with what air, he approach'd the fair,
 And how she could with patience bear,
 All he did and utter'd ?
He still address'd,
Still caress'd,
Kiss'd, and press'd,
Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd and flutter'd :
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the close of day,
 Or did he ever use to stay,
 In a corner dodging ?
The want of light,
When 'twas night,
Spoil'd my sight ;
But I believe his lodging
Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.

SONG

SONG XLVIII.

*Sung by Pinkanello, merry Andrew to Leverigo the
Montebank Doctor.*

Here are people and sports,
Of all sizes and sorts,
Coach'd *damsel* and *squire*,
And *mob* in the mire,
Tarpaulins, *Trugmallions*,
Lords, *ladies*, *sows* *babies*,
And *loobies* in scores;
Some *hawling*, some *bawling*,
Some *leering*, some *fleering*,
Some *loving*, some *shoving*,
With legions of furbelow'd *whores*:
To the tavern some go,
And some to a show,
See *popets* for *mopets*,
Jack puddens for *cuddens*,
Rope dancing, *mares prancing*,
Boats flying, *Quacks* *lying*,
Pick pockets, *pick plackets*,
Beasts, *Butchers* and *Beaux*;
Fops *prattling*, *dice rattling*,
Rooks *shaming*, *Putts* *daming*,
Whores *painted*, *Masks* *tainted*
In taly-mans furbelow'd cloaths.
The *mob*'s *Joys* wou'd ye know,
To yon *musick*-house go,
See *taylors* and *sailors*,
Whores *oily* and *doily*,
Hear *musick* makes you sick;
Some *skipping*, some *tripping*,
Some *smoaking*, some *joaking*,
Like *spiggit* and *tap*;

Short

Short measure, strange pleasure,
 Thus billing and swilling,
 Some yearly get fairly
 For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

The Second Part.

SEE, firs, see here! a *Doctor* rare,
 Who travels much at home!
 Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
 Past, present, and to come;
 The cramp, the stich, the squirt, the itch,
 The gout, the stone, the pox,
 The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
 And all *Pandora's* box:
 Thousands I've dissected,
 Thousands new erected,
 And such cures effected,
 As none e'er can tell;
 Let the palsie shake ye,
 Let the cholick rack ye,
 Let the crinkums break ye,
 Let the murain take ye,
 Take this, take this and you are well:
 Thousands, &c.

Come *wits* so keen, devour'd with spleen,
 And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
 Great-belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
 And pepper'd vizard cracks;
 I soon remove the pains of love,
 And cure the amorous maid,
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
 The living and the dead;
 I clear the lass with wainscot-face,
 And from pim-ginets free

Plump ladies red like *Saracen's* head
 With toping ratafee.
 This, with a jirk, will do your work,
 And scour ye o'er and o'er;
 Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

SONG XLIX.

OH! the charming month of *May*,
 When the breezes
 Fan the trees, is
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay:
Ob! the charming month of May,
Charming charming month of May.

Oh! what joy our prospects yield,
 When in new livery
 We see every
 Bush and meadow, tree and field:
Ob! what joy, &c. Charming joys, &c.

Oh! how fresh the morning air,
 When the *Zyphers*
 And the heifers
 Their odorif'rous breath compare:
Ob! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh! how sweet at night to dream,
 On mossy pillows,
 By the trillows
 Of a gentle purling stream,
Ob! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh!

Oh! how kind the country lass,
 Who, her cow bilking,
 Leaves her milking
 For a green-gown on the grass :
Oh! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the conclusion,
 Her deep confusion,
 Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye :
Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her lover,
 Who on the skimming dish carves her name :
Oh! the charming curds and cream,
Charming charming, &c.

SONG L.

Cupid God of pleasing anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce desires to know.
 Heroes would be lost in story,
 Did not love inspire their glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

SONG LI.

MY Cloe, why do ye slight me,
 Since all you ask you have ?
 No more with frowns affright me,
 Nor use me like a slave :

Good nature to discover,
Use well your faithful lover,
I'll be no more a rover,
But constant to my grave.

Could we but change conditions,
My grief would all be flown;
Were I the kind physician,
And you the patient grown;
All own you're wond'rous pretty,
Well shap'd, and also witty,
Enforc'd with generous pity,
Then make my case your own.

The silver swan, when dying,
Has most melodious lays,
Like him, when life is flying,
In songs I'll end my days:
But know, thou cruel creature,
My soul shall mount the fleetest,
And I shall sing the sweeter,
By warbling forth thy praise.

SONG LII.

IN this grove my *Sirephon* walkt,
Here he lov'd, and there he talkt;
Here be lov'd, &c.
In this place his loss I prove,
A sad remembrance of our love.
Oh! sad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my *Sirephon* stray'd,
Here he smil'd and there betray'd;
Here be smil'd, &c.

Every

Every whispering breeze can tell,
How I, poor I believing, fell;
Ah! by too soon believing, fell.

By this stream my *Strephon* mov'd,
Here he sung, and there he lov'd;
Here he sung, &c.
Every stream and every tree
Cries out, perfidious cruel he,
And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this bank my *Strephon* lean'd,
A lovely foe, but faithless friend;
A lovely foe, &c.
Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove,
Once joyous Scenes, now dismal prove,
Since *Strephon*'s false to me and love.

SONG LIII.

Transported with pleasure,
I gaze on my treasure,
And ravish my sight;
While she gayly smiling,
My anguish beguiling,
Augments my delight.

How blest is a lover,
Whose torments are over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with consenting,
Her scorn and disdain.

SONG LIV.

A Quire of bright beauties
 In spring did appear,
 To chuse a *May*-lady
 To govern the year;
 All the nymphs were in white,
 And the shepherds in green,
 The garland was given,
 And *Phillis* was queen.
 But *Phillis* refused it,
 And sighing did say,
 I'll not wear a garland
 While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 Are fled from the shore,
 The graces are banish'd,
 And love is no more:
 The soft God of pleasure
 That warm'd our desires,
 Has broken his bow,
 And extinguish'd his fires;
 And vows that himself
 And his mother will mourn,
 Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In triumph return.

Forbear your addresses,
 And court us no more;
 For we will perform
 What the deity swore:
 But if you dare think
 Of deserving our charms,
 Away with our sheep-hooks,
 And take to your arms:

Then

Then lawrels and myrtles
 Your brows shall adorn,
 When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In triumph return.

SONG LV.

AS charming *Clara* walk'd alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like *Jove* descending from his tower,
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The shining flakes flew to her breasts,
 As little birds into their nests ;
 But being outdone with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear ;
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
 To deck her froze into a gem.

SONG LVI.

YE beaux of pleasure,
 Whose wit at leisure,
 Can count love's treasure,
 Its joy and smart ;
 At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire
 Consumes my heart.

Three moons that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted
 With beauty's ray :

Aurora

*Aurora shews ye
No face so rosie,
No July posie
So fresh and gay.*

*Her skin by nature,
No Ermin better,
Tho' that fine creature
Is white as snow;
With blooming graces
Adorn'd her face is,
Her flowing traces
As black as sloe.*

*She's tall and slender,
She's soft and tender;
Some god commend her;
My wit's too low:
'Twere joyful plunder,
To bring her under,
She's all a wonder
From top to toe.*

*Then cease, ye sages,
To quote dull pages,
That in all ages
Our minds are free:
Tho' great your skill is,
So strong the will is,
My love for *Phillis*
Must ever be.*



SONG

SONG LVII.

ONE evening as I lay
 A-musing in a grove,
 A nymph exceeding gay
 Came there to seek her love;
 But finding not her swain,
 She sat her down to grieve,
 And thus she did complain,
 How men her sex deceive.

Believing maids, take care
 Of false deluding men,
 Whose pride is to ensnare
 Each female that they can :
 My perjur'd swain he swore
 A thousand oaths, to prove
 (As many have done before)
 How true he'd be to love.

Then virgins, for my sake,
 Ne'er trust false man again,
 The pleasure we partake,
 Ne'er answers half the pain ;
 Uncertain as the seas,
 Is their unconstant mind,
 At once they burn or freeze,
 Still changing like the wind.

When she had told her tale,
 Compassion seiz'd my heart,
 And Cupid did prevail
 With me, to take her part:
 Then bowing to the fair,
 I made my kind address,
 And vow'd to bear a share
 In her unhappiness.

Surpris'd

Surpris'd at first she rose,
 And strove from me to fly :
 I told her I'd disclose
 For grief a remedy.
 Then, with a smiling look,
 Said she, to asswage the storm,
 I doubt you've undertook
 A task you can't perform.

Since proof convinces best,
 Fair maid believe it true,
 That rage is but a jest,
 To what revenge can do :
 Then serve him in his kind,
 And fit the fool again ;
 Such charms were ne'er design'd,
 For such a faithless swain.

I courted her with care,
 Till her soft soul gave way,
 And from her breast so fair,
 Stole the sweet heart away :
 Then she with smiles confess'd,
 Her mind felt no more pain,
 While she was thus caress'd,
 By such a lovely swain.

SONG. LVIII.

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
 Why I lead you hear alone,
 By this bank of pinks and lillies,
 And of roses newly blown.

*Tis

'Tis not to behold the beauty,
Of these flowers that crown the spring ;
'Tis to _____ but I know my duty,
And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying,
Why shou'd I thus fearful be ?
Every minute gently flying,
Smiles and fays, make use of me.

What the sun does to the roses,
While the beams play sweetly in,
I would _____ but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it ;
Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lillies,
Might I speak what I would do,
I wou'd _____ with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd ; I wou'd _____ Ah ! wou'd you.

SONG LIX.

Phillis the fairest of love's foes,
Tho' fiercer than a dragon,
Phillis that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on ?
What has she now to brag on ?
What has she, &c.
So long she kept her limbs so close,
Till they have scarce a rag on.

Com-

Compell'd thro' want, the wretched maid

Did sad complaints begin,

Which surly Strephon hearing, said,

It was both shame and sin,

It was both shame and sin,

It was both, &c.

To pity such a lazy jade,

Wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

SONG LX.

When *Chloe* we ply,
We swear we shall die,
Her eyes do our heart so enthrall ;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for herself;
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
They'll pish ! and they'll fie !
And swear, if you're rude, they will call ;
But whisper so low,
By which you may know,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
If ever you die,
To marry again I ne'er shall ;
But less than a year,
Will make it appear,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of state,
And party debate,

For

For church and for justice we bawl;

But if you'll attend,

You'll find in the end,

'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

SONG LXI.

The Parson among the Pease.

ONE long *Whitsun* holy-day,
Holy-day, holy-day, it was a jolly day,
Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phillida*,
Phillida, a welladay!

Met in the pease;
They long had community,
He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
Scanting was wanting,

Their bosoms to ease,
But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
You will see; for as they ly
In close hug, Sir *Domine*
Gemini Gomini

Chanc'd to come by,
He read prayers i'the family,
No way now to frame a lie,
They scar'd at old *Homily*,
Homily, Homily,
Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the sight,
Full of spite, as a kite runs the recubite,
Like a noisy *Hypocrite*,
Hypocrite, Hypocrite,

Ec **Mischief**

Mischief to say ;
 Save he wou'd fair *Phillida*,
Phillida, Phillida drest that holy-day ;
 But poor *Ralph*, ah welladay !
 Welladay ! welladay !

Turn'd was away.

*Ads nigs, cries sir *Domine*
Gemini Gomini, shall a rogue stay,
 To baulk me, as commonly,
 Commonly, commonly,
 Has been his way.

No, I serve the family,
 They know nought to blame me by,
 I read prayers and homily,
 Homily, homily,
 Three times a day.

SONG LXII.

HOW happy are we,
 Who from thinking are free,
 That curbing disease of the mind,
 Can indulge every taste,
 Love where we like best,
 Not by dull reputation confin'd,

When we are young, fit to toy,
 Gay delights we enjoy,
 And have crowds of new lovers still wooing ;
 When we're old and decay'd,
 We procure for the trade,
 Still in every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet,
 We spend what we get
 Every day, for the next never think ;

When

When we die, where we go
We have no sense to know,
For a bawd always dies in her drink.

SONG LXIII.

ONE April morn, when from the sea
Phœbus was just appearing,
Damon and Celia young and gay,
Long settled love endearing,
Met in a grove, to vent their spleen
On parents unrelenting ;
He bred of *Tory*-race had been,
She of the tribe dissenting.

Celia, whose eyes outshone the God
 Newly the hills adorning,
Told him, *mamma* would be stark mad,
 She missing prayers that morning ;
Damon, his arms about her waist
 Swore, tho' nought should them sunder,
Shou'd my rough *dad* know how I'm blest,
 'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones made by ambition blind,
By faction still support it,
Or where vile money taints the mind,
They for convenience court it:
But mighty love, that scorns to shew
Party should raise his glory,
Swears he'll exalt a vassal true,
Let it be *whig* or *tory*.

SONG. LXIV.

A Mongst the willows on the grafts,
 Where nymphs and shepherds ly,
 Young *Will* courted bony *Bess* ;
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by ;
 Says *Will*, we will not tarry
 Two months before we marry.
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
 For a maid I'll live and die :
 Says *Nell* so shall not *I*,
 Says *Nell*, &c.

Long time betwixt hope and despair,
 And kisses mixt betweeu,
 He with a song did charm her ear,
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;
 Says *Will*, I want a blessing,
 Substantialer than kissing.
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
 For I will never change my mind :
 Says *Nell*, she'll prove more kind,
 Says *Nell*, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
 Altho' by nature taught,
 When she first to man inclines:
 Quoth *Nell*, I'll venture that.
 Oh ! who wou'd lose a treasure,
 For such a puney pleasure !
 Not *I*, not *I*, no, a maid I'll live and die,
 And to my vow be true.
 Quoth *Nell*, the more fool you,
 Quoth *Nell*, &c.

To my closet I'll repair,
 And read on Godly books,
 Forget vain love and worldly care.
 Quoth *Nell*, that likely looks !

You

You men are all perfidious,
 But I will be religious,
 Try all, fly all, and while I breath defy all,
 Your Sex I now despise.
 Says Nell, by Jove, *she lies*,
 Says Nell, &c.

SONG LXV.

SElinda sure's the brightest thing,
 That decks the earth, or breaths our air ;
 Mild are her looks like opening spring,
 And like the blooming summer fair.

But then her wit's so very small,
 That all her charms appear to ly,
 Like glaring colours on a wall,
 And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our ears are absent from the feast,
 One sense is surfeited with sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with aspect bright,
 And taudry pride, a tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
 Dull and insipid to the smell.



SONG LXVI.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
 Begun with a trifle and ended;
 All trifling people draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
 That lately came into the play,
 The men would want something to do,
 The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
 Because the ladies, they know,
 Admire, by often carefing
 That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
 The trifle of trifles to gain,
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal won'd ever be able,
 At *Whyte*'s half a moment to sit?
 Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
 Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
 Gold keys are no trifles we see;
 White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
 Where trifles abundantly breed,
 The levee will show you, his grace
 Makes promises trifles indeed!

A coach with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin ;
But ye gods ! how oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within ?

A flask of *champaign* people think it
A trifle, or something as bad ;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle by gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
A peace is a trifle to day,
To break it a trifle to morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour ;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle they say,
The reason pray carry along ;
Because that at every new play,
The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot ;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

SONG LXVII.

From grave lessons and restraint,
I'm stole out to revel here ;
Yet I tremble and I faint,
In the middle of the fair.

Oh !

Oh ! would fortune in my way
 Throw a lover kind and gay ;
 Now's the time he soon might move
 A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall I venture ? no, no, no,
 Shall I from the danger go ?
 Oh ! no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not try, I cannot fly,
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature ; help me, art ;
 Why should I deny my part ?
 If a lover will pursue,
 Like the wisest let me do ;
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

SONG LXVIII.

Women and Wine.

Some say women are like sea,
 Some the waves, and some the rocks,
 Some the rose that soon decays,
 Some the weather, some the cocks ;
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
 As wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine,
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 She soldier, lawyer and divine ;

They

They put a gigg in the gravest scull,
 And send their wits to gather wool ;
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,
 What is't that makes your looks divine,
 What makes your courage rise and fall,
 Is it not women, is it not wine ?
 Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
 That set fire to your noses ?
 From wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

SONG LXIX.

WO'd you chuse a wife,
 For a happy life,
 Leave the court and the country take,
 Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
 Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
 Follow *Roger* and *John*,
 Whilst harvest goes on,
 And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the *London* dames
 (Be it spoke to their shames)
 To ly in their beds till noon,
 Then get up and stretch,
 And paint too and patch,
 Some widgeon to catch,
 Then look on their watch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea,
 Both green and bohea,
 Are serv'd to their tables in plate,

Where

Where tattles do run,
 As swift as the sun,
 Of what they have won,
 And who is undone
 By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here,
 Tho' brown as my beer,
 That knows how to govern her house,
 That can milk her cow,
 Or farrow her sow,
 Make butter and cheese,
 Or gather green pease,
 And values fine cloaths not a souise.

This is the girl
 Worth rubies and pearl,
 A wife that will make a man rich :
 We gentlemen need
 No quality breed,
 To squander away
 What taxes wou'd pay ;
 We care not in faith for such.

SONG LXX.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A mistress fitted to my mind,
 Whom neither gold nor pride could move,
 To change her virtue or her love :

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
 Loves for my self, and not for mine ;
 Not city proud, nor nice and coy,
 But full of love, and full of joy :

- Not

Not childish young, nor beldame old,
Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Not gravely wise to rule the state,
Not foolish to be pointed at:

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore:
If such an one you can discover,
Pray, sir, intitle me her lover.

SONG LXXI.

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtile flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmures rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.



SONG

SONG LXXII.

YOU may cease to complain,
 For your suit is in vain,
 All attempts you can make
 But augments her disdain ;
 She bids you give over
 While 'tis in your power,
 For except her esteem
 She can grant you no more :
 Her heart has been long since
 Assaulted and won,
 Her truth is as lasting
 And firm as the sun ;
You'll find it more easy
 Your passion to cure,
 Than for ever those fruitless
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
 To the wretched and wise,
 But a lover like me
 Will those precepts despise ;
 I scorn to give over
 Were it in my power ;
 Tho' esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet her I'll adore,
 A heart that's been touch'd
 Will some sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my sorrows
 If she takes a share ;
 I'll count it more honour
 In dying her slave,
 Than did her affections
 The steddinge's crave.

You

You may tell her I'll be
 Her true lover, tho' she
 Should mankind despise
 Out of hatred to me ;
 'Tis mean to give o'er
 Cause we get no reward,
 She lost not her worth
 When I lost her regard ;
 My love on an altar
 More noble shall burn,
 I still will love on
 Without hopes of return ;
 I'll tell her some other
 Has kindled the flame,
 And I'll sigh for herself
 In another one's name.

SONG LXXIII.

The tippling Philosophers.

*D*iogenes surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth ;
 But growing as poor as a *Job*,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 A bumper, to cherish his heart ;
 And when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart :

F f

Tho'

Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at men's follies and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink,
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 To tipple, and cherish his soul ;
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl ;
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise *Solon*, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
 And thought the rich *Crœsus* a slave
 (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold ;
 He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
 But drinking much talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
 Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 'Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank like a miser at home ;

And,

And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good
 To the last, (we may truly aver it)
 He tintur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fancy'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin,
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek ;
 Because he tippled good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak ;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his viens,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine :
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering-trough ;
 He therefore leapt into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.

By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG LXXIV.

Down among the dead Men.

Here's a health to the king, and a lasting peace ;
 May faction be damn'd, and discord cease :
 Come, let us drink it while we've breath,
 For there's no drinking after death ;
 And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the Queen, and may she long
 B'our first fair toast to grace our song ;
 Off w' your hats, w' your knee on the ground,
 Take off your bumpers all around ;
 And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c. let him ly.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found ;
 And may confusion still pursue
 The sensible woman-hating crew ;
 And he that will this health deny,
Down among, &c. let him ly.

Here's

Here's thriving to trade, and the common-weal,
 And patriots to their country leal;
 But who for bribes gives *Satan* his soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl;
 And all that with such rogues comply,
Down among, &c. let them ly.

In smiling *Bacchus'* joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul;
 Let *Bacchus'* health round swiftly move,
 For *Bacchus* is a friend to love;
 And he that does this health deny,
Down among, &c. let him ly.

SONG LXXV.

HE that will not merry merry be,
 With a generous bowl and a toast,
 May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post:
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
 Ne'er a penny into his purse:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead:
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

Jolly mortals, fill your glasses;
 Noble deeds are done by wine;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces:
 Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than in *Chloe* when just going,
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking;
 Drank about at council-board;
 Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conquering sword.

SONG LXXVII.

Since we die by the help of good wine,
 I will that a tun be my shrine;
 And engrave it on my tomb,
 Here lies a body, once so brave,
 Who with drinking made his grave,
 Who with, &c.
 Since thus to die will purchase fame,
 And leave an everlasting name,
 Since thus to die, &c.

Drink

Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,
And let us be nobly interr'd,

Drink, drink, &c.

Let misers and slaves
Pop into their graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard,
And rot in a dirty church-yard,
Let misers, &c.

SONG LXXVIII.

Bacchus is a power divine ;
For he no sooner fills my head
With mighty wine,
But all my cares resign,
And droop, and droop, and sink down dead :
Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,
And I in riches flow,
At least I fancy so ;
And without thought of want I sing,
Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around
With flowers, weav'd into a garland, crown'd :
Then, then I begin to live,
And scorn what all the world can show or give.
Let the brave fools that fondly think
Of honour, and delight
To make a noise, a noise, and fight,
Go seek out war whilst I seek peace,
Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,
Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink.
Then fill my glass, fill fill it high ;
Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die ;

8.

But

But when bottles are rang'd
 Make war with me,
 The fighting fool shall see,
 When I am funk,
 The difference to ly dead,
 And ly dead drunk ;
The fighting fool, &c.

SONG LXXIX.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart,
 From amorous looks and smiles ;
 From saucy love, or nicer art,
 Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
 That do to pity move ;
 From speaking silence, and from tears,
 Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide ;
 And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs every virtue's aid ;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.



SONG

SONG LXXX.

WHY shou'd a foolish marriage vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When passion is decay'd ?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd
 As long as we cou'd,
 Till love was lov'd out of us both :
 But our marriage is dead,
 When the pleasure is fled ;
 'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
 And further love in store,
 What wrong has he whose joys did end,
 And who cou'd give no more ?
 'Tis a madness that he
 Shou'd be jealous of me,
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another ;
 For all we can gain,
 Is to give our selves pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

SONG LXXXI.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
 Soft as these kind looks she gave me,
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes she did enslave me ;
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break,
 Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melt-

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
 She can dres her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses :
 Angels listen when she speaks ;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart wou'd break,
 Shou'd we live one day asunder.

SONG LXXXII.

I'LL sail upon the *dog-star*,
 And then pursue the morning ;
 I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
 I'll make her leave her horning,

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
 And there I'll coin the weather ;
 I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
 And ty both ends together :

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
 And crowd them in my budget ;
 And whether I'm a roaring boy,
 Let *Gresham* college judge it :

While I mount yon-blew celum,
 To shun the tempting gypsies ;
 Play at foot-ball with sun and moon,
 And fright ye with eclipses.



SONG

SONG LXXXIII.

J A M E S.

Prithee, *Susan*, what dost muse on,
By this doleful spring?
You are, I fear, in love, my dear;
Alas poor thing!

S U S A N.

Truly, *Jamie*, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;
Alas poor man!

J A M E S.

Nay, my *Suey*, now I view ye;
Well I know your smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan;
Alas poor heart!

S U S A N.

Jamie, hold; I dare be bold
To say, thy heart is stole,
And know the she as well as thee;
Alas poor soul!

J A M E S.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,
And ease thy heart of all this smart;
Alas poor girl!

S U S A N.

Jamie, no, if you shou'd know,
I fear 'twou'd make you sad,
And pine away both night and day;
Alas poor lad!

JAMES.

J A M E S.

Why then, my *Sue*, it is for you,
 That I burn in these flames;
 And when I die, I know you'll cry,
 Alas poor *James*!

S U S A N.

Say you so, then, *Jamie*, know,
 If you should prove untrue,
 Then must I likewise cry,
 Alas poor *Sue*!

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
 And we will wed to day:
 I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,
 Come let's away.

SONG LXXXIV.

When, lovely *Phillis*, thou art kind,
 Nought but raptures fill my mind;
 'Tis then I think thee so divine,
 T' excell the mighty power of wine:
 But when thou insult'st, and laughs at my pain,
 I wash thee away with sparkling *champain*;
 So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
 And drive out one God by the power of another.

When pity in thy looks I see,
 I frailly quit my friends for thee;
 Perswasive love so charms me then,
 My freedom I'd not wish again:
 But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,
 Then straight with a bumper I banish despair;
 So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
 And drive out one God by the power of another.

SONG

SONG LXXXV.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my song,
 A moment you never can better employ ;
Sawny and *Teague* were trudging along,
 A bony *Scots* lad and an *Irish* dear-joy ;
 They neither before had seen a wind-mill,
 Nor had they heard ever of any such name :
 As they were a walking,
 And merrily talking,
 At last by meer chance to a wind-mill they came.

Haha! crys *Sawny*, what do ye ca' that ?
 To tell the right name o't I am at a loss.
Teague very readily answer'd the *Scot*,
 Indeed I believe it'sh shaint *Patrick*'s cross.
 Says *Sawny*, ye'll find your sell meikle mistaken,
 For it is saint *Andrew*'s cross I can swear ;
 For there is his bonnet,
 And tartans hang on it,
 The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my shoul joy, thou tellest all lees,
 For that I will shwear is shaint *Patrick*'s coat ;
 I shew him in *Ireland* buying the freeze,
 And that I am shure ish the shame that he bought ;
 And he is a shaint mush better than ever
 Made either the covenantsh sholemn or league :
 For o' my shalwashion,
 He was my relashion,
 And had a great kindnesh for honest poor *Teague*.

Wherefore says *Teague* I will by my shoul,
 Lay down my napshack, and take out my beads,
 And under this holy cross' fet I will fall,
 And shay *pater-nōbter*, and shome of our creeds :

St Teague began with humble devotion,
 To kneel down before St. *Patrick's* cross ;
 The wind fell a-blowing,
 And set it a-going,
 And it gave our dear-joy a terrible toss.

Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor *Teague*
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grass,
 Swearing, it was surely the de'il's whirly-gig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of St. *Patrick's* cross :
 But ish it indeed, crys he in a passion,
 The cross of our shaint that has crosh't me so sore ;
 Opo' my falwashion,
 This shall be a cawfision,
 To trust to St. *Patrick's* kindnesh no more.

Sawny to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,
 This patron of yours is a very sad loun,
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
 For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon :
 Let me advise ye to serve our St. *Andrew*,
 He, by my faul, was a special gude man ;
 For sence your St. *Patrick*
 Has serv'd ye sic a trick,
 I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again.

SONG LXXXVI.

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And all the world think them wise,
 While I ly at my *Nanny's* feet,
 And all the world despise

Let

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
 And melt in court delights :
 Her eyes can give much brighter days,
 Her arms much softer nights.

SONG LXXXVII.

*C*elia, too late you wou'd repent :
 The offering all your store,
 Is now but like a pardon sent,
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the bliss too late,
 You hindred me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
 When first my court I made ;
 But when your falsehoods plain appear,
 My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown,
 Whose worth your first deface,
 Is melting valu'd medals down,
 And giving us the bras.

O ! since the thing we beg's a toy,
 That's priz'd by love alone,
 Why cannot women grant the joy,
 Before the love is gone.



SONG LXXXVIII.

YES, all the world will sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest ;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought these things to be confin'd,
That were for publick good design'd :
Cou'd we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
Twou'd burn our corn and grass away,
To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
Two souls which passion does unite ;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away,
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past.

SONG LXXXIX.

MY Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
As lilly sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

O ! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
Tho' sacred lightning from them flyes ;
Shew me that soft that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give

Give me *ambrosia* in a kiss,
 That I may rival *Jove* in bliss,
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide ! thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppres,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood ?
 Thou art all over endless charms;
 O ! take me dying to thy arms.

S O N G XC.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
 Is not granted us to know ;
 Random chance, or wilful fate,
 Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
 'Tis madness all in me to grieve ;
 Since her will is not her own,
 Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
 Deaf to poor *Mizella's* cries,
 Ask not me the reason why,
 Seek the riddle in the skies.



SONG XCI.

Hark how the trumpet sounds to battle,
 Hark how the thundring cannons rattle;
 Cruel ambition now calls me away,
 While I have ten thousand soft things to say.

While honour alarms me,
 Young *Cupid* disarms me,
 And *Celia* so charms me,
 I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,
 Hark how the trumpet sweetly charms;
Celia no more then must be obey'd,
 Cannons are roaring, and ensigns display'd:
 The thoughts of promotion,
 Inspire such a notion
 Of *Celia*'s devotion,
 I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial powers,
 Ye Gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours;
 O may she ever to love me incline,
 Such lovely perfections I cannot resign;
 Firm constancy grant her,
 My true love shall haunt her,
 My soul cannot want her,
 She's all so divine.

SONG XCII.

SHall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosie are ?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in *May*;

Yet

Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love;
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
As may merit name the best;

Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go:

So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

SONG XCIII.

As the snow in vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
By the slaves he once control'd;
So the nymph, if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by every lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melan-

Melancholick looks and whining,
 Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
 Are th' effects your rigours move ;
 Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
 Melting sighs, transporting trances,
 Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones ! while your beauty's blooming,
 Imply time, lest age resuming
 What your youth profusely lends ;
 You are rob'd of all your glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old stories,
 To your unbelieving friends.

SONG XCIV.

Fair *Amoret* is gone astray,
 Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry lover ;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wandring shepherdels discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes her self, yet others hates,
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

SONG XCV.

Damon, if you will believe me,
 'Tis not sighing round the plain,
 Song nor sonnet can relieve ye ;
 Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
 And be master of the field ;
 To a powerful kind Invasion,
 'Twere a madness not to yield.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Crys you're rude, and much to blame,
 And with tears implores your pity ;
 Be not merciful for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,
 Chloris time enough will find,
 This her cruel furious lover,
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

SONG XCVI.

IF she be not kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy,
 Leave her, she's only worth the care
 Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an ass,
 Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
 To sigh and whine for such a lass,
 Whose pride's above her pleasure.

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SONG XCVII.

H E.

A Wake, thou fairest thing in nature,
How can you sleep when day does break ?
How can you sleep, my charming creature,
When half a world for you are awake.

S H E.

What swain is this that sings so early,
Under my window, by the dawn ?

H E.

"Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in pity ease my pain.

S H E.

Softly, else you'll 'wake my mother,
No tales of love she lets me hear ;
Go tell your passion to some other,
Or whisper't softly in my ear.

H E.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous charms ?
"Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for a lover's arms.

SONG XCVIII.

IN spite of love, at length I've found,
A mistress that can please me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day she'll ease me ;
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all mankind,
Then drink and never spare it ;
"Tis a bottle of good claret.

If

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
 Her little mouth discover,
 Then take her blushing to your arms,
 And use her like a lover ;
 Such liquor she'll distill from thence,
 As will transport your ravish't sense ;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

But best of all ! she has no tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me,
 She's fully better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me,
 Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack ;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, *sir*,
 Clap you hand about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, *sir* ;
 As for her bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out ;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

SONG XCIX.

O Surprising lovely fair !
 Who with *Chloe* can compare ?
 Sure she's form for beauty's queen,
 Her wit, her shape, her grace, her mein,
 By far excells all nymphs I've seen ;
 No mortal eye
 Can view her nigh,

Too

Too exquisite for human sight to see :
 Tho' she ne'er may be kind,
 Nor for me e'er design'd,
 Yet I love, I love, I love
 The charming she.

SONG C.

When bright *Aurelia* tript the plain,
 How cheerful then were seen,
 The looks of every jolly swain,
 That strove *Aurelia*'s heart to gain,
 With gambols on the green ?

Their sports were innocent and gay,
 Mixt with a manly air ;
 They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,
 Each strove to please, some different way,
 This dear enchanting fair.

The ambitious strife she did admire,
 And equally approve,
 'Till *Phaon*'s tuneful voice and lyre,
 With softest musick did inspire
 Her soul to generous love.

Their wonted sports the rest declin'd,
 Their arts prov'd all in vain ;
Aurelia's constant now they find,
 The more they languish and repin'd,
 The more she loves the swain.



SONG CI.

A Way you rover,
 For shame give over,
 You play the lover
 So like an ass;
 You are for storming,
 You think you're charming,
 Your faint performing,
 We read in your face.

SONG CIL.

HE, who for ever,
 Wou'd hope for favour,
 He must endeavour
 To charm the fair:
 He dances, he dances,
 He da--a--a--a--ances,
 He sighs, and glances,
 He makes advances,
 He sings, and dances,
 And mends his air.

SONG. CIII.

GO, go, go falsest of thy sex begone,
 Leave, leave, ab leave, leave me to my self alone!
 Why would you strive by fond pretence,
 Thus to destroy my innocence?
 Go, go, &c. —— leave, leave, &c.

Young Celia, you too late betray'd,
 Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,
 " Love like a dream usher'd by night,
 " Flyes the approach of morning light.
 Go, go, &c. —— leave, leave, &c.

H h

She

She that believes man when he swears,
 Or least regards his oaths and prayers,
 May she, fond she, be most accurst;
 Nay more, be subject to his lust.
 Go, go, &c. —— leave, leave, &c.

SONG CIV.

Belinda, with affected mein,
 Trys all the power of art;
 Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
 To gain a single heart:
 Whilst *Chloe* in a different way,
 Is but her self, to please,
 And makes new conquests every day,
 Without one borrowed grace.

Belinda's haughty air destroys
 What native charms inspire;
 While *Chloe's* artless shining eyes
 Set all the world on fire:
Belinda may our pity move;
 But *Chloe* gives us pain,
 And while she smiles us into love,
 Her sister frowns in vain.

SONG CV.

*O*n a bank of flowers,
 In a summer day,
 Inviting and undrest,
 In her bloom of youth,
 Fair *Celia* lay,
 With love and sleep oppress'd;
 When a youthful swain,
 With admiring eyes,

Wish'd

Wish'd that he durst
 The sweet maid surprise ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd,
 A gentle *Zypher* arose,
 That fann'd her robes aside ;
 And the sleeping nymph
 Did the charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide :
 Then his breath grew short,
 And his pulse beat high,
 He long'd to touch
 What he chanc'd to spy ;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,
 With her beauties fir'd,
 And blest the courteous wind ;
 Then in whispers sigh'd,
 And the Gods desir'd,
 That *Celia* might be kind :
 When with hopes grown bold,
 He advanc'd amain ;
 But she laugh'd loud
 In a dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 Repell'd the timerous swain.

Yet the amorous youth,
 To relieve his soft pain,
 The slumbering maid caref'd ;
 And with trembling hand
 (O simple poor swain !)
 Her glowing bosom pres'd :

When the virgin awak'd,
 And affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing
 He would pursue ;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But *Damon* miss'd his cue.

Now, now repenting,
 That he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid
 Blockhead was I,
 That such a chance abus'd ;
 To my shame 'twill now
 On the plains be said,
Damon a virgin
 Asleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 And let her go a maid.

SONG CVI.

While silently I lov'd, nor dar'd,
 To tell my crime aloud,
 The influence of your smiles I shar'd,
 In common with the crowd.

But when I once my flame exprest,
 In hopes to ease my pain,
 You singl'd me out from all the rest,
 The mark of your disdain.

If thus, *Corinna*, you shall frown
 On all that do adore,
 Then all mankind must be undone,
 Or you must smile no more.

SONG CVII.

O H! happy, happy grove,
 Witness of our tender love;
 Oh! happy, happy shade,
 Where first our vows were made:
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Looks would charm a *love*;
 A thousand pretty things she said,
 And all — and all was love:
 But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
 And forsakes the shady groves;
 When I speak of mutual joys,
 She knows not what I mean;
 Wanton Glances, fond caresses,
 Now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding fair
 Has left the flow'ry green:
 Mourn, ye nymphs, that sporting play'd,
 Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;
 There the secret wound she gave,
 When I was made her slave.

SONG CVIII.

THE sages of old,
 In prophecy told,
 The cause of a nation's undoing;
 But our new *English* breed
 No prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,
 We promote civil wars,
 And preach up false tenets to many;
 We snarl and we bite,
 We rail and we fight
 For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his friend,
And the church and the senate would settle ;
Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he shou'd,
And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politick things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow ;
But takes a full glas,
To his country's success,
This, this is an honest brave fellow.

SONG CIX.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleasing power admire ;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like your's inspire :
Now I may say, I met with one,
Amazes all mankind ;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet ;
Like the divining prophets, wise ;
Like new blown roses, sweet ;
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
Each happy night a bride ;
A mein like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chast, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long :

Ah!

Ah! were you to reward such care,
 And life so long would stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
 Would seem but as one day.

SONG CX.

Prithee, Billy, be'nt so silly,
 Thus to waste thy days in grief;
 You say, *Betty* will not let ye;
 But can sorrow bring relief?

Leave repining, cease your whining;
 Pox on torment, tears and woe:
 If she's tender, she'll surrender;
 If she's tough, — e'en let her go.

SONG CXI.

Kindly, kindly, thus, my treasure,
 Ever love me, ever charm;
 Let the passion know no measure,
 Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our bliss beguiling,
 By dull doubting fall at odds?
 Meet my soft embraces smiling,
 We'll be as happy as the Gods.

SONG CXII.

Asour reformation
 Crawls out-thro' the nation,
 While dunder-head sages,
 Who hope for good wages,
 Direct us the way.

Ye

Ye sons of the muses,
Then cloak your abuses ;
And, least you shou'd trample
On pious example,

Observe and obey.

Time-frenzy curers,
And stubborn nonjurors,
For want of diversion,

Now scourge the leud times :
They've hinted, they've printed,
Our vein it profane is,

And worst of all crimes ;
The clod-pated railers,
Smiths, coblers and colliers,
Have damn'd all our rhimes.

Under the notion
Of zeal for devotion,
The humour has fir'd 'em,
And malice inspir'd 'em,

To tutor the age :

But if in season,
You'd know the true reason ;
The hopes of perfement,
Is what makes the vermin

Now rail at the stage.

Cuckolds and canters,
With scruples and banters,
Old Oliver's peal,

Against poetry ring :
But let state revolvers,
And treason absolvers,

Excuse, if I sing,
The rebel that chuses
To cry down the muses,

Wou'd cry down the king.

EXPLANATION OF THE SCOTS WORDS.

A ^A, all.
Abeit, *albeit*.
Aboon, *above*.
Ac, *one*.
Aff, *off*.
Aften, *often*.
Aik, *oak*.
Ain, *own*.
Aith, *oath*.
Air, *early*.
Ajee, *aside*.
Alane, *alone*.
Amaist, *almost*.
Ambry, *cupboard*.
Ane, *one*.
Anither, *another*.
Awa, *away*.
Auld, *old*.
Ayont, *beyond*.

B

B A', *ball*.
Baith, *both*.
Bane, *bone*.

Bannocks, *oat-bread*.
Baps, *roll-bread*.
Bawm, *balm*.
Bauk, *baulk*.
Bedralls, *beedles*.
Beet, *to help or repair*.
Bend, *to drink*.
Bennison, *blessing*.
Bent, *the open fields*.
Bewith, *somewhat, in the
mean time*.
Birks, *birch*.
Bigg, *build*.
Billy, *brother*.
Bindging, *becking, bending*.
Elate, *bashful*.
Blaw, *blow*.
Bleeze, *blaze*.
Blink, *glance of the eye*.
Bluter, *blunder*.
Bode, *predict*.
Bodin, *stored*.
Bot or But, *without*.
Bougils, *sounding horns*.
Bountith,

EXPLANATION of

Bountith, a gratuity.

X Bowt, bolt.

Brachen, a sort of broth.

Brac, rising ground.

Brankit, primm'd up.

Braid, broad.

Brander, a Gridiron.

Braw, finely drest.

Broach, a buckle.

Brack, broken parts, or re-fuse.

Brow, the forehead.

Bruik, to love or enjoy.

Bught, sheep-fold.

Burnift, polished.

Burn, a rivulet.

Busk, to deck.

But and ben, be out and be in.

Byer, a Cow-house.

C

C A*, call.

Cadgie, chearful.

Caff, Calf. Id. Chaff.

Canna, cannot.

Canker'd, angry.

Canny, cautious, lucky.

Carlings, old women. Id. lool'd pease.

Cauld, cold.

Cauler, cool, fresh.

Cawk, Chalk.

Clag, failing or imperfection.

Clat, a rake.

Claiths, cloaths.

Clashes, tittle tattle.

Clock, a beetle.

Cockernony, the hair bound up.

Cod, a pillow.

Coft, bought.

Cogg, a wooden dish.

Coof, a blockhead.

Coots, joint of the ankle.

Courtchea or Curtchea, a handkerchief.

Crack, to boast.

Creel, basket or hamper.

Crocks, lean sheep.

Croft, corn-land.

Crouse, brisk, bold.

Crowdy-mowdy, a sort of gruel.

Crummy, a cow's name.

Cunzie, Coin.

D

D Affin, folly, wanton-ness.

Daft, mad, foolish.

Dawt, fondle, caress.

Dight, to wipe.

Dinna, do not.

Ding, beat.

Dool, trouble.

Dosend, frozen, cold.

Dorty, haughty.

Dow, can. Id. dove,

Downa, cannot.

Dowf, spiritless.

Doughtna, could not.

Dowy, weary, lonely.

Drant, to speak slow.

Dramock, cold gruel.

Drap, drop.

Dwining

the SCOTS Words.

Dwining, decaying.

Dunting, beating.

Dulce and tāngle, sea-plants.

Durk, a dagger.

E

E Ard, earth.

Een, eyes.

Eild, age.

Eith, easy.

Elding, feuel.

Eem, cousin.

Ettle, aim.

Eydent, diligent.

F

F A', fall.

Fadge, a coarse sort of roll-bread.

Fae, foe.

Fand, found.

Fangle, newfangle, fond of what's new.

Farles, thin oat-cakes.

Fash, trouble.

Fause, false

Faut, fault.

Fee, wages.

Feirs brothers.

Fendy, active, industrious.

Fenzie, feign.

Ferly, wonder.

Fey, attended by a fatality.

Flee, fly.

Flouks, flounders.

Flyte, to scold.

Fog, moss.

Fore, to the fore, in being, or lasting.

Fouth, plenty.

Frae, from.

Fraising, babling with a foolish wonder.

Fou or fu', full.

G

G AB, the mouth.

Gabocks, large mouthfuls.

Gaberlunzie, a wallet that hangs on the side or loin.

Gae, gave. Id. go.

Gane, gone.

Gar, make or cause.

Gawsy, jolly, large.

Gate, way.

Gawn, going.

Gawd, gall'd. Id. goad.

Gawky, empty, foolish.

Gawnt, to yawn.

Geck, to flout and jeer,

Genty, small and neat.

Gin and gif, if.

Glaive, a sword.

Glakit, idle and rompish.

Glee, joy.

Gleed, squinting.

Gleen, a hollow between hills.

Gloyd, an old horse.

Glowl, to stare.

Gowk, the cuckow. Id. a fool.

Gowping, handful.

Graip,

EXPLANATION of

Graip, to grope. Id. a trident fork for dung.

Graith accutremens.

Grots, skimm'd oats.

Gutcher, grand-father.

H

HA', ball.
Hae, have.
Haf, half.

Hagies, a boyld pudding made of a sheep's pluck, minc'd with sevet.

Halucket, light - beaded, whimsical.

Hale, whole.

Haly, haly.

Hame, home.

Hames and Brechoms, wore about the neck of a cart-horse.

Hawse, embrace.

Heeze, to lift.

Hecht, promised.

Heugh, any steep place.

Hodle, to waddle in walking.

Hoden, coarse cloath.

Hows, hollows.

Howms, vallies on river-sides.

I

JEE, to jee back and again, the motion of a balance.

Ill-fard, ill-favour'd, or ugly.

Illk, each.

Ilka, every.

Ingle, fire.

Jo, sweet-heart.

Jouk, to bow.

Irk, weary, or tired.

Irie, afraid of ghosts.

Ishogles, Icicles.

Ise, I shall.

Ither, other.

K

KAIRN, or Cairn, heaps of monumen-tal stones.

Kame, comb.

Kail, coleworts. Id. broth.

Kebuck, a cheese.

Keek, peep

Ken, know.

Kepp, to catch.

Kilted, tuck'd up.

Kirn, churn.

Kirtle, upper-petticoat.

Kimmer, a she gossip.

Kurchie, handkerchief.

L

LAG, to fall behind.

Laigh, low.

Lane, own self.

Laith, loth.

Lapperd, curdled.

Law, low.

Lawty, justice.

Lave, the rest.

Lee, fallow ground.

Leesome, lovely.

Leeze

the S C O T S Words.

Leeze me, a phrase used when one loves or is pleased with a person.	Milsy, a search for milk.
Leil, exact.	Mint, attempt.
Leugh, laughed.	Minny, mother.
Lib, to geld.	Mirk, dark.
Lilt, a tune.	Mons-meg, a very large Iron cannon in the castle of Edinburgh, capable of holding two people.
Linkan, to move quickly.	Mou, mouth.
Loor, rather.	Moup, to eat as wanting teeth.
Loos, loves.	Mouter, the miller's toll.
Loun, a fly wenchur.	Muck, dung.
Lout, to bow.	Mutches, linnen quoifs or hoods.
Lown, calm.	
Lowan, flaming.	
Lucken, gathered together, or close join'd to one another.	
Lyart, hoary, or gray.	

M

M AIK, a mate.
Mair, more.
Maift, most.
Makfnia, it matters not.
Mane, Mone.
March, limits or border of grounds.
Marrow, match.
Maun, must.
Mawking, a bare.
Mavis, the thrush.
Meikle or Muckle, much.
Meife, move.
Mends, revenge.
Mense, manners. Id. to de-corate.
Menzie, a company or re-tinue.

N

N A, and Nae, no, none.
Nane, none.
Nees, nose.
Neift, next.
Nither, starve or pinck.
Nowther, neither.

O

O E, grand-child.
Ony, any.
Owry, a cravat.
Owsen, oxen.
Oxter, arm-pit.

P

P Antrey, a buttery.
Partans, crab-fish.
Pat, put.
Pawky, cunning.
Paunches, tripe.

Ji

Peat-

EXPLANATION of

Peat-pot, peat coal-pit.	Shanna, shall not.
Pibroch, a highland tune.	Shangy-mouth'd or shevil-gabit, the mouth much to one side.
Pickle, a small share.	
Pig, earthen-pot.	
Pillar, stool of repentance.	Sharn, cow-dung.
Pine, pain.	Shaw, snow. Id. a woody-bank.
Pith, strength.	
Plet, to fold. Id. twist.	Shoo, a shoe.
Poortith, poverty.	Shoon, shoes.
Pou or Pu, pull.	Shore, to threaten.
Pöwsowdy, ram-head soup.	Shire, thin.
Prig, baggle.	A shire lick, a smart fellow.
Prive, to prove or taste.	Sic or Sick, such.

R

R AIR, roar.
Rashes, rusbes,
Red up, put in order.
Renzie, resin.
Rever, rebler.
Rifarts, radishes.
Rise, plenty.
Riggs, ridges.
Row, roll.
Rowth, wealth.
Rude, cross.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Rung, a club.
Ruse or roose, to praise.

S

S AAE, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, sore.
Sawt, salt.
Seim, appearance.
Sell, sell.
Sey, try.

Soum, of sheep 20.
Spake, specke.
Speer, to ask.
Spelding, dry'd white-fish.
Stane, stane.
Starns, stars.

Steek,

the SCOTS Words.

Steek, *but*.
Stend, *stalk hastily*.
Stirk, *a young bullock*.
Stoup, *a prop*.
Strae, *straw*.
Streek, *stretch*.
Stenzie, *to stain*.
Swats, *small ale*.
Sweer, *unwilling, lazy*.
Swither, *in doubt*.
Seybows, *young onions*.
Syne, *then*.

T

TAE, *toe*.
Tald, *told*.
Taiken, *taken*.
Tane, *taken*. Id. *the one*.
Tap, *top*.
Tauk, *talk*.
Thae, *these*.
Tent, *notice*.
Theyse, *they shall*.
Thole, *to suffer*.
Thowless, *spiritless*.
Thud, *noise of a stroke*.
Tine *lose*.
Tint, *lost*,
Titter, *rather*.
Tocher, *dowry*.
Tooly, *fight, contend*.
Todlen, *a rolling short step*.
Touzle, *to ruffle*.
Trig, *neat*.
Trow, *believe*.
Triste, *appointment*.
Twin, *to part from*.

W

WAD, *would*.
Wae, *woe*.
Wale, *to chuse the choice*.
Waen, *child*.
Wallowit, *faded or wi-
ther'd*.
Wan, *pale*. Id. Won.
Walop, *gallop*.
Wame, *womb, belly*.
Ware, *bestow*.
War, *worse*.
Wat, *know*.
Waws, *walls*.
Wawk, *walk*. Id. *wake*.
Wawkrife, *not inclined to
sleep*.
Wear in, *hem in*.
Wee, *little*.
Weind, *thought*.
Weirs, *wars*.
Wha, *who*.
Whang, *a large cut*.
Whatrecks, *what matters
it*.
Whilk, *which*.
Whinging, *whining*.
Whisht, *hold your peace*.
Whillywha, *a cheat or
bite*.
Wilks, *periwinkles*.
Win, or Won, *dwell*.
Winna, *will not*.
Winsome, *handsome*.
Wist, *known*.
Withershins, *to move con-
trary*.
Woo, *wooll*.

Wood

EXPLANATION of, &c.

Wood, *mad.*

Unco, *very strange.*

Woody, *a withy.*

Wow! *wonderful!* Id.
ab!

Y

Wylie, *cunning.*

YAD, *a mare.*

Wyson, *the gullet.*

Yese, *ye shall.*

Wyte, *to blame.*

Yern, *desire.*

Yestreen, *yesternight.*



The Reader is desir'd to correct the following Errors, occasion'd by the Distance of the Author from the Pres.

Page 42, line 16, read, I met. p. 70, l. 21, for thron, r. thorn. p. 79, l. 7, for gang, r. gane p. 80, l. 25, for syaith, r. skaith. p. 91, l. 2, for fourth, r. south. p. 101, l. 6, for sweat, r. sweet. p. 119, l. 9, for me, r. my. p. 162, l. 15, for har, r. war. p. 174, l. ult. for angle, r. angel. p. 181, l. 21, r. A bakbread. p. 194, l. 30, for shum, r. shan. p. 197, l. 17, for said, r. sald. p. 237, l. 4, for play and, r. playand. p. 286, l. 6, for Oh! lead to, r. Oh! lead me to.

